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SEPTEMBER 19, 1969

MIDDLE EAST: TOWARD THE BRINK

TIME

Boris Chelapin...



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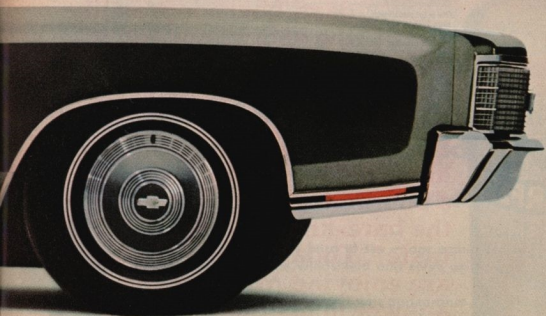
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Our tough one: '70 Chevelle SS 396





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On the move: The Chevrolet '70s.

Meet the man who took the bare knuckles out of bourbon.

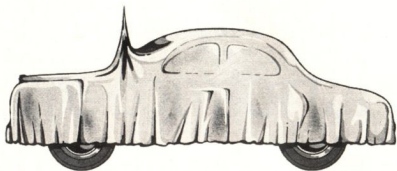


One of the medals won since 1872 for being honest bourbon—but with manners.

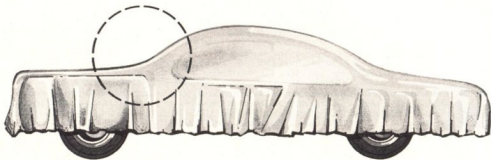
When I. W. Harper first came to the Bluegrass Country, men were men and the drink was bourbon. And in those days, bourbon was like the sprawling land it was born in. Lots of natural attraction, but it lacked polish. Which led I. W. Harper to ask himself: "Why not a bourbon without the bare-knuckled taste?" Today, people are enjoying Mr. Harper's answer in his fine whiskey. Honest bourbon—but with manners.



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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, Sept. 17

DIONNE WARWICK SPECIAL (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Burt Bacharach will be there: so will George Kirby, Glen Campbell and The Creedence Clearwater Revival. The occasion is Dionne's very first special.

THE COURTSHIP OF EDDIE'S FATHER (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). Bill Bixby, as a widowed magazine editor, teams up this season with a seven-year-old charmer named Brandon Cruz, who plays his son. Miyoshi Umeki plays their housekeeper. *Première.*

ROOM 222 (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). The scene is a school, where Lloyd Hanes as Pete Dixon teaches American history and deals with his own problems as well as those of his 35 home-room students. *Première.*

THEN CAME BRONSON (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). His motorcycle takes Jim Bronson (Michael Parks) across the U.S. His temporary job at a camp for disturbed children is the opening sequence, with Mark Lester, Jack Klugman and Karen Huston. *Première.*

Thursday, Sept. 18

NATURAL HISTORY OF OUR WORLD: THE TIME OF MAN (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Man's biological and social evolution is the focus of this special, produced in conjunction with the American Museum of Natural History.

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8:30-9 p.m.). *The Father*, August Strindberg's bitter drama depicting a man's destruction by his wife, stars Robert Shaw, Daphne Slater.

Friday, Sept. 19

BRACKEN'S WORLD (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). The palmy life around a movie studio with Eleanor Parker, Peter Haskell and Elizabeth Allen. "Fade-In" features Cameo Performers Raquel Welch, Tony Curtis, Omar Sharif. *Première.*

Saturday, Sept. 20

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 2:30-4 p.m.). The Canadian Grand Prix from Mosport, Ont., with Formula One cars, is the first auto race for world-championship points to be televised live in the U.S.

THE ANDY WILLIAMS SHOW (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Back on the tube after a two-year hiatus, Andy welcomes Petula Clark, Don Ho, Blood, Sweat and Tears and the Edwin Hawkins Singers. *Première.*

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:15 p.m.). Sophia Loren is *The Countess* from Hong Kong (1967) who takes advantage of rich American Ambassador Marlon Brando by stowing away in his stateroom. Charles Chaplin wrote and directed the film.

Sunday, Sept. 21

ROYAL FAMILY (CBS, 7:30-9 p.m.). The royal couple themselves suggested that the BBC and commercial British television might like to film an intimate picture of them *en famille*. This result was edited from almost a year's shooting, and shows Queen Elizabeth, Prince Philip and the young royals behaving with *cinéma vérité* candor.

SOUNDS OF SUMMER (NET, 8-10 p.m.). The Du Quoin State Fair in southern Illinois presents Grand Ole Opry Night on

"Country Music at a County Fair," amid horse racing, the midway and prize-winning beauties.

THE WOODY ALLEN SPECIAL (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Woody, Candy and Billy (Allen, Bergen and Graham), plus the Fifth Dimension, having fun.

Monday, Sept. 22

MUSIC SCENE (ABC, 7:30-8:15 p.m.). A latter-day version of "Your Hit Parade," with James Brown, Buck Owens and the Buckaroos and the Beatles performing the top songs. *Première.*

THE NEW PEOPLE (ABC, 8:15-9 p.m.). Half a dozen young Americans get a crack at making a better world when they survive a plane crash on a deserted island in the Pacific. *Première.*

CHRYSLER PRESENTS THE BOB HOPE SPECIAL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Top bananas by the bunch on the first show of Hope's 20th video season: Sid Caesar, Wally Cox, Steve Allen, Johnny Carson and Buddy Hackett are but a few of the two dozen promised.

THE FLIP WILSON SHOW (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Jonathan Winters, Andy Williams and Arlie Johnson get together for giggles with Flip on his own special.

Tuesday, Sept. 23

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). A tribute to "The Eternal Tramp," Charlie Chaplin. Hurry Hurwitz's documentary footage is narrated by Gloria Swanson.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK (ABC, 8:30-10 p.m.). "Seven in Darkness" include Milton Berle, Diana Merrill, Tippy Walker and Barry Nelson as blind survivors of a plane wreck, in remote mountains. *Première* of a series of movies produced for TV.

THE GOVERNOR AND J.J. (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Dan Dailey is the former, Julie Sommars the latter, a zoo curator and proxy First Lady to Daddy. Middle-of-the-road politics and the ever popular generation gap promise predictable results. *Première.*

MARCUS WELBY, M.D. (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). The lovable old general practitioner is Robert Young; his young assistant is James Brolin; they grapple with problems of present-day medical practice. *Première.*

RECORDINGS

Jazz

MILES DAVIS, IN A SILENT WAY (Columbia). With his customary ingenuity, Miles has turned up some rock samples that should do America proud. By sitting Pianists Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea and Joe Zawinul down at electric keyboards and adding John McLaughlin's guitar, he has found a new sound formula. Using the impressionistic surge of piano, throb of bass and clockwork clack of drumstick, Miles conducts melodic tracking expeditions into a curiously peaceful space.

CHICK COREA, NOW HE SINGS, NOW HE SINGS (Solid State). The new pianist in Miles' regular group, Corea creates airy, crystal lines that have an almost fugal precision. Working here with Bassist Miroslav Vitous and Drummer Roy Haynes, the self-possessed young player neither sings nor sobs but delivers fleet aural improvisations, buoyed by light chords that almost never come to a resolution.

CRAIG HUNDELY TRIO & ORCHESTRA (World Pacific). Here is an album that will make listeners want to throw themselves into

the generation gap. At fifteen, Hundley cannot get a driver's license, but he can play the piano in stunning style. With Bassist Stuff McKinney, 16, Drummer Gary Chase, 15, and a big band arranged by Don Sebesky and Allyn Ferguson, Hundley shows a flair for rock rhythms, displays an affection for Sonny Rollins tunes and contributes two appealing compositions of his own.

BILL EVANS AND JEREMY STEIG, WHAT'S NEW (Verve). Pianist Evans and Flutist Steig make an effective team, Evans controlled, persuasively lyrical solos tend to loosen up when goaded by Steig's frenetic flute, and his perceptive accompanying helps tone down Steig's demonic soarings. Particularly on *What's New, Lover Man* and the *Spartacus Love Theme*, the interaction results in near-perfection.

JEAN-LUC PONTY, ELECTRIC CONNECTION (World Pacific). Ponty not only plays violin, an unusual instrument in jazz, but he produces streaking arpeggios and comet trails of bent tones with a Coltrane intensity. This album, recorded with Gerald Wilson's orchestra when Ponty visited California last spring, should be enough to convince anyone that the violin can be a stirring soloist jazz-solo voice. Classically trained, Ponty wails, shrills and sails through *Hypomneme de Sol*, *The Name of the Game* and *Scarborough Fair-Canticle*.

THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS JAZZ ORCHESTRA, MONDAY NIGHTS (Solid State). When they are not touring the world, the artists can be found at home in the Village Vanguard on Monday nights. All the joy, humor and vigor of these home-stained evenings are preserved on this second live recording. Flugelhorn Jones does most of the arrangements and conducts the crew, which includes Baritone Pepper Adams, Soprano Saxophonist Jerome Richardson, Pianist Roland Hanna and Bassist Richard Davis. They give *Mornin' Reverend* a tongue-in-cheek but toe-to-floor gospel treatment and swagger to glory on *St. Louis Blues*.

MCCOY TYNER, TIME FOR TYNER (Blue Note). The former Coltrane pianist here plays in a quartet that includes Vibist Bobby Hutcherson. Tyner's composition *African Village* is a free fall into the heart of rhythms that pound and shift as McCoy and Bobby superimpose eddying patterns. *May Street* moves along with jaunty strut, shadowed, however, by a tension of eerie chords. As for standard tunes, Tyner does a pensive *I Didn't Know What Time It Was* and then zooms off in *The Surrey with the Fringe on Top*.

ELVIN JONES, THE ULTIMATE (Blue Note). Drummer Jones, Bassist Jimmy Garrison and Saxophonist/Flutist Joe Farrell continue their successful alliance. Leaping or striding in harmonic freedom is their thing, though they pause to explore free-time byways as well. On *Sometimes Joe*, Garrison coaxes quivering screeches or low-bowed hums from the bass, and on *What Is This?* Farrell skitters on soprano while Jones brushes out a rapid patter.

CINEMA

THE GYPSY MOTHS. Three shy divers (Burt Lancaster, Gene Hackman and Scott Wilson) barnstorm through Kansas challenging an irrevocable fate in John Frankenheimer's tense and sober investigation of existentialism.

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN. In a movie year not noted for levity, Woody Allen's first film as a director comes on like gang-

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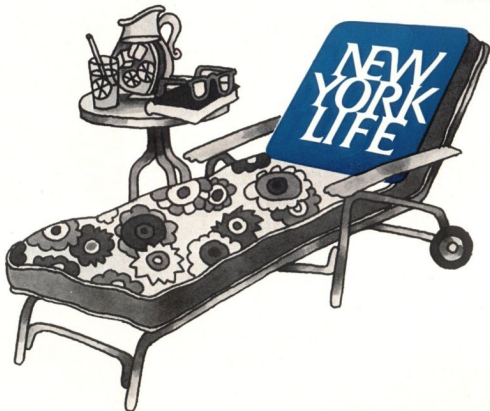
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busters. Although it tends to lose its comic momentum toward the end, there are more than enough insanely funny moments to sustain the picture.

ALICE'S RESTAURANT. Director Arthur Penn (*Bonnie and Clyde*) has transformed Arlo Guthrie's rambling, hilarious talking-blues record of a couple of seasons back into a melancholy epitaph for an entire era. With its combination of wild humor and lingering sadness, *Restaurant* is one of the most perceptive films about young people ever made in this country.

MEDIUM COOL is the most impassioned and impressive film released so far this year. Writer-Director-Cinematographer Haskell Wexler's loose narrative about a TV cameraman during last summer's Chicago convention fuses documentary and narrative techniques into a vivid portrait of a nation in conflict.

STAIRCASE. Rex Harrison and Richard Burton portray two bickering homosexuals struggling with middle age and loneliness. This unobtrusive film never yields to the temptation to play its two deviate characters for laughs.

THE WILD BUNCH. There are equally generous doses of blood and poetry in this raucous, magnificent western directed by Sam Peckinpah. Telling a violent yarn about a group of freebooting bandits operating around the Tex-Mex border at the turn of the century, Peckinpah uses both an uncommonly fine sense of irony and an eye for visual splendor to establish himself as one of the very best Hollywood directors.

MARRY ME, MARRY ME. Courtship, love and marriage in a community of French Jews are the subjects of this wistful film directed by Claude Berri (*The Two of Us*).

TRUE GRIT. John Wayne has his finest hour in this cornball western comedy. His genial, self-satirizing performance as an aging lawman proves that his nickname, "the Duke," has seldom been more apt.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE FRENCH. PORTRAIT OF A PEOPLE, by Sanche de Gramont. Only the cuisine comes off unscathed in this entertaining analysis vignette of the French national character.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND RELATIVES, by Gerald Durrell. Zoology begins at home, or at least that's the way it seems to Naturalist Durrell, who recalls his boyhood infatuation with animals and his family's strained tolerance of some of the things that followed him into the house.

THE COST OF LIVING LIKE THIS, by James Kennaway. An intense and coldly accurate novel about a man's coming to gloomy terms with the cancer that is pinching off his life.

DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS, by Jorge Amado. A leisurely, sensuous tale of a virtuous lady and her conjugal rite—as vivid and bawdy as Boccaccio.

THE BIG LITTLE MAN FROM BROOKLYN, by St. Clair McKelway. The incredible life of Stanley Clifford Weyman, who cracked the upper crust by posing at various times as U.S. Consul General to Algiers, a physician and a French naval officer.

FLASHMAN: FROM THE FLASHMAN PAPERS 1839-1842, edited and arranged by George MacDonald Fraser. But don't believe it for a minute. Though it has fooled several scholars, *Flashman* is actually an agreeable fictional takeoff on assorted British

tales of derring-do in the days of the Empire.

MILE HIGH, by Richard Condon. The author's mania for mania is still evident. But this flawed novel about a man invented, and then profited from Prohibition eventually settles into unpalatable allegory.

SHAW: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (1856-1898), selected by Stanley Weintraub. Shaw never wrote one. But this paste-and-scissors portrait fashioned from fragments of the great man's work serves its purpose well enough.

COLLECTED ESSAYS, by Graham Greene. In notes and criticism, the prolific novelist provocatively drives home the same obsessive point: "Human nature is not black and white but black and grey."

PAIRING OFF, by Julian Moynahan. The book masquerades as a novel but is more like having a nonstop *non sequitur* Irish storyteller around—which may, on occasion, be more welcome than well-made fiction.

SIAM MIAMI, by Morris Renek. The trials of a pretty pop singer who tries to sell herself and save herself at the same time. Astonishingly, she manages both.

THE YEAR OF THE WHALE, by Victor B. Scheffer. The most awesome of mammals has been left alone by literary men almost since *Moby Dick*. Now Dr. Scheffer, a scientist working for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, writes of the whale's life cycle with a mixture of fact and feeling that evokes Melville's memory.

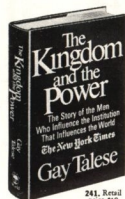
Best Sellers

- FICTION**
1. *The Godfather*, Puzo (1 last week)
 2. *The Love Machine*, Susann (2)
 3. *The Andromeda Strain*, Crichton (4)
 4. *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth (3)
 5. *The Pretenders*, Davis (5)
 6. *Ado*, Nabokov (6)
 7. *Naked Came the Stranger*, Ashe (7)
 8. *The Goodbye Look*, Macdonald (9)
 9. *Except for Me and Thee*, West (10)
 10. *A Place in the Country*, Gainham

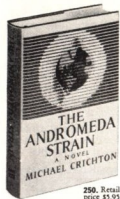
- NONFICTION**
1. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (1)
 2. *The Kingdom and the Power*, Talese (2)
 3. *The Making of the President 1968*, White (3)
 4. *An Unfinished Woman*, Hellman (6)
 5. *Jennie*, Martin (4)
 6. *Between Parent and Teenager*, Ginn (5)
 7. *Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women*, Craig (7)
 8. *Captive City*, Demaris
 9. *The Prison of My Mind*, Benziger
 10. *The Money Game*, Adam Smith (8)

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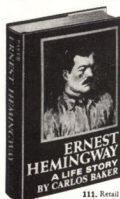
CATCH UP ON



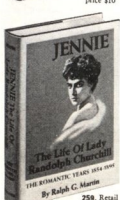
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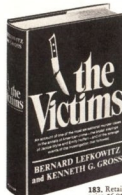
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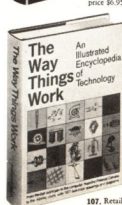
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LETTERS

Marvel of the Mets

Sir: I cannot tell you how happy your story on the New York Mets has made me [Sept. 5]. It was a beautiful story, written lovingly, with wonderful art. When I got to thinking of what the Old Master might be thinking about all that has happened this season, there was your man with the gospel according to Casey to wrap the story up.

CHRIS CONNELL

Brooklyn

Sir: Your unique blend of Biblical history and baseball is refreshing but obviously apocryphal. St. Jude, patron of hopeless cases, is more likely to show an avid interest in the Mets. On that great come-and-get-it-day, you will find that your "little team that can"—couldn't! Blessed are the Chicago Cubs for they shall inherit the East.

BILL BERG

WIND Radio, Sports
Chicago

Sir: Thank you so much for your fantastic article on our super-fantastic Mets! Fans in other cities have laughed at our "Amazins" all these years, most of the time rightfully so. But they're not laughing much any more; we're the ones doing all the smiling!

We Have Overcome!

NADJA WEHRBERGER

The Bronx

Aquarius in the Mud

Sir: From the mud of the Woodstock Music and Art Fair [Aug. 29] can be made the bricks with which my generation can build the Age of Aquarius.

EARL WILLIAM WILLIS

Wanchese, N.C.

Sir: So "the whole world needs a big wash, a big scrub-down." Granted—and why don't we start with the loomies who wallowed for days in Bethel's "beautiful" mud, litter and garbage?

Your whitewash of this youth culture may well precipitate the flood that will inundate us all. They plan to take over the helm, and apparently you've welcomed them aboard—but how long could even TIME stay afloat if manned by people who don't have enough sense to come in out of the rain?

MRS. JAMES C. FRAZIER JR.

Ponca City, Okla.

Sir: I traveled 800 miles to groove on three days of peace and music at "History's Biggest Happening"—a short journey to become a small part of history.

BERT DICKIE

Moncton, N.B.

Sir: The Message is that of all the different kinds of love in this world, there is no love to compare with the love of one hum for another. The other message is that they will, as usual, all end up in the gutter.

WILLIAM FAY

Los Angeles

Further Dissent

Sir: Dr. Bettelheim [Sept. 5] blames American parents of college dissenters for being permissive and authoritarian. Hungarian, Czech, French and deprived black American parents too? Dissent is tra-

ditional in democratic countries and feared by fascist societies.

Time serves America badly by publishing the senile, regressive and unsubstantiated statements intended to defend the Establishment, no matter what.

IRVING SHAPIRO, M.D.

Newark

Sir: It is reassuring to know there are still men with a clear understanding of our problems and wisdom to press for sensible solutions. I agree that today's youth movement is more filled with hate than idealism. Amid the shouts and tumult, they are begging for guidance, for a firm hand. Their fathers had failed them. University administrators and officials who yield to their unreasonable demands are also failing them. To these "revolutionaries," permissiveness and overindulgence by both parents and society is not a sign of love, but of weakness and decay.

MICHAEL KECKES

Daily City, Calif.

Eye of the Needle

Sir: I think TIME missed the point [Sept. 5] as did a small but vocal group of San Franciscans. The area of the site of the Transamerica building has been zoned for high-rise commercial development. Two such developments are already within the Portsmouth Corridor area, and because of the rising cost of land in the downtown financial district, others will follow. San Francisco can only grow in one direction, up. The question then is not whether, but what?

Transamerica might be accused of favoring a pedestrian viewpoint, for it is from the street who is most affected by the urban environment. We're betting that this man would rather have greater setback of buildings allowing more light and air to the street, would appreciate a public sculpture garden to retreat from sidewalk traffic, and might enjoy a terrace-level restaurant where he can look out at an historic area of the city.

JOHN H. CHASE

Vice President

Transamerica Corp.
San Francisco

Sir: How can the mayor of beautiful San Francisco say that an ugly mass of glass and cement would be "a very welcome addition to the city's skyline."

His idea of beauty must be a car factory in the middle of an unspoiled forest.

ROSEMARY HUGO

Irwin, Pa.

Sir: I noted with complete revulsion Transamerica Corp.'s proposed addition to the San Francisco skyline. While "different" and "interesting," the building itself must be considered an architectural disaster in spite of itself. Its impact on the total environment in which it finds itself would be great, to say the least, but in a negative way.

I cannot help wondering about the sense of values that Mayor Joseph Alioto, the San Francisco Chronicle and others hold for themselves and for the wonderful city that is San Francisco.

JAMES B. PETTIT JR.

Editor, AS

Baltimore

Flight Cancelled

Sir: We would like to call your attention to an error in fact in your very fine article [Aug. 29] on new directions in the insurance industry.

In describing the aggressive diversification program of INA Corp., the general business corporation formed by the Insurance Co. of North America, you mention that INA acquired World Airways, the supplemental airline. It is true that INA did announce negotiations with World Airways for this purpose on Oct. 9, 1968, but on Jan. 31, 1969, INA and World made a joint announcement that the negotiations had been terminated.

JOHN T. GURASH

President

INA Corporation
Philadelphia

Building Blocks

Sir: Maybe blacks have failed to pass written tests conducted by white A.F.T. construction labor unionists. So what? In past centuries, the great cathedrals were built by masons and other tradesmen who were totally illiterate.

If Boss Meany and his phony cronies had the least interest in getting blacks into the building trades, they would have done something big long ago.

The United Automobile Workers is the only big union to make equal opportunity a fact instead of just an empty phrase. In spite of constant Northern sermonizing about the South, a far higher percentage of blacks are employed in the building trades down here—as skilled men, not laborers—than in the prating North.

JOHN MACFIE

Member U.A.W. Local 600

Chapel Hill, N.C.

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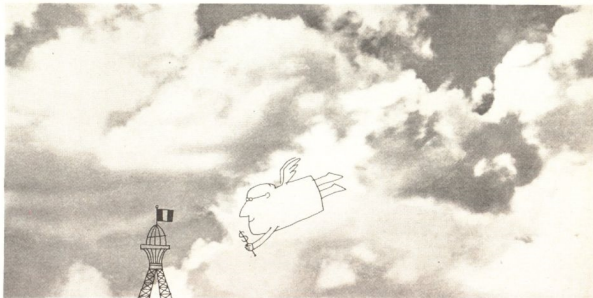
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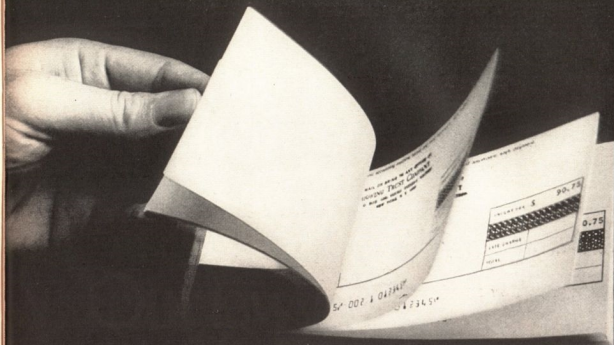
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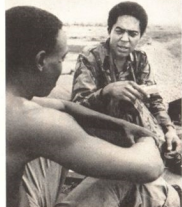


Kenny Lane *me*

To determine how widespread racial problems really are, Terry spent six months covering U.S. units in the field, traveling from the Demilitarized Zone in the north to Dong Tam in the Delta. Says Terry, "These travels were often unofficially discouraged. In many places, white officers and sergeants looked on suspiciously as I drank, ate or talked with black Marines, soldiers and sailors in their barracks, mess halls, tanks and foxholes." One black Army sergeant major urged him to tone down his Afro hair style before he met the troops; Terry discovered that the sergeant had ordered his men to cut their hair before the "TIME man" came to talk to them. Nevertheless, Terry interviewed well over 400 blacks; he talked with jet pilots who took him along on their strike missions, with airborne troops who carried him into the A Shau Valley

Terry took an A.B. in religion and the classics at Brown University in 1959. His interest in journalism began in high school (Indianapolis) where, as a 110-lb. freshman, he quickly broke a wrist playing football. A sympathetic English teacher suggested that writing about sports

图 12-18 宝通寺天王殿内景——北壁壁画



TERRY & BLACK G.I. IN VIET NAM

might be safer. Today, after his immersion in activities infinitely more lethal than football, Terry will become a student again, this time at Harvard. He has been awarded a Nieman fellowship, and will take a year's leave of absence from TIME to study the economic and political struggles of underdeveloped nations, as well as urban problems.

The Cover: Tempera by Boris Chaliapin.

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BRITON HADDEN 1898-1921

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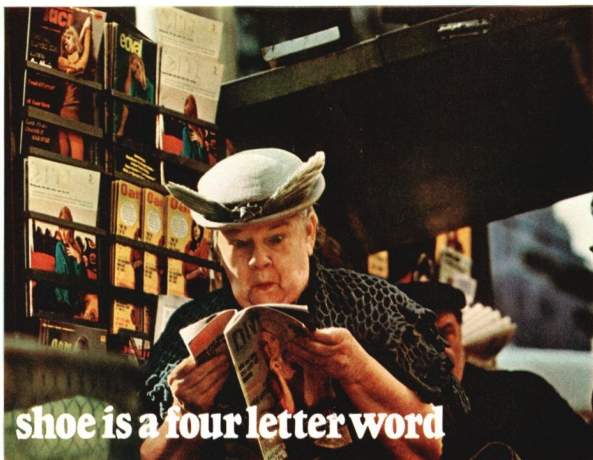
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shoe is a four letter word

Naked truth is often more censored than naked people.

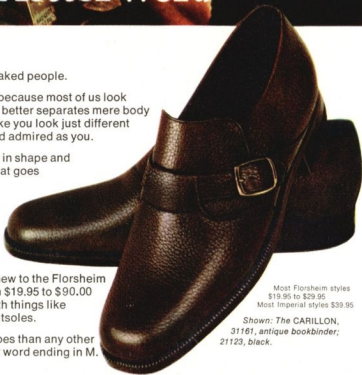
Could be that man started to wear clothes because most of us look better in them than out of them. How much better separates mere body covering from fashion. Fashion should make you look just different enough from the pack to be recognized and admired as you.

Takes a little experimenting with suits new in shape and pattern, a more colorful shirt, a wider tie that goes only with that shirt for a perfect match. Needs a pair of up-to-date shoes.

Boots of all kinds are right, broader toes a must. New browns are a relief from black. Hardware like buckles and links is in and masculine.

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31161, antique bookbinder;
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Wall-to-wall television. General Electric is making it today.

GE has developed a way to show color TV
on a screen as wide as 20 feet.

The TV picture on the other page is totally unretouched.

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Work in electronics, optics, chemistry, physics and a dozen other fields.

It took all of that to make this new kind of TV. TV that projects on a screen
anywhere from 3' x 4' up to 15' x 20'. And GE is now making it in

limited quantities for business meetings, television studios and schools.

This is but part of the most complete TV line available today. And the same kind of
inventiveness that went into it is behind the General Electric TV you buy.

You'll find it in the printed circuit that reduces human soldering mistakes.

In the electronic component that gives you color and sound, seconds after you turn
on the set. In the circuit that automatically stabilizes flesh tones.

But GE hasn't just improved on television. They practically invented it.

They developed the very first TV system. Broadcast the first TV pictures... over
40 years ago. Lately, they engineered the first portable color set.

(It's called Porta Color®; and it weighs only 25 pounds, so it's truly portable.) And now,
the first TV with a wall-sized screen.

That's the kind of progress you can expect from a pioneer.

Progress is our most important product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
September 19, 1969 Vol. 94, No. 12

THE NATION

THE WAR: STARK OPTIONS FOR AMERICA

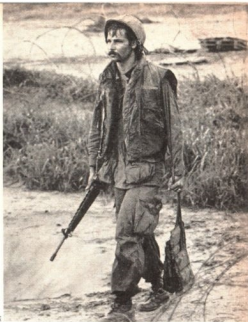
RICHARD NIXON cannot be called a hawk on the Viet Nam war. He wants the U.S. out, and he would prefer to bargain toward the exit rather than fight his way there. He has begun to reduce the American force level in Viet Nam. In May the President put forward a conciliatory negotiating position, inviting the Communists to discuss it seriously. Yet the impasse and killing continue. If presidential ferocity is not to blame, perhaps a kind of optimism is.

Implicit in Nixon's policy so far has been the expectation that North Viet Nam could be persuaded or compelled to make counterconcessions. Reciprocity could take a number of forms: a mutual reduction of military activity, simultaneous pullback of North Vietnamese and American forces, a compromise on one or more of the outstanding political issues. Reasonable as that hope sounds, the reality seems to be far more stark. Unless Ho Chi Minh's death causes a North Vietnamese policy change that is not yet apparent and does not seem likely, Nixon's announced goal of "a peace we can be proud of" is no closer than it was when the Administration took office in January. Rather, Nixon may have to face the fact that the Com-

munist are prepared to wait him out indefinitely, convinced that sooner rather than later a U.S. public weary of the war will force the issue on the President. Thus Washington's real choice may amount to fighting on as it has since 1965 or making some new and major one-sided concession.

In that grim framework, Nixon last week staged yet another review of Administration thinking as if he were starting anew, amid some confusion, the search for a policy of disengagement. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker and General Creighton Abrams jetted in from Viet Nam, Admiral John McCain from Honolulu, and Philip Habib from the U.S. negotiating team in Paris. They joined Secretary of State William Rogers and the familiar group of Washington-based advisers for a four-hour White House session with Nixon. Such meetings have usually preceded policy announcements, but the White House initially would say nothing after last week's conference. Nixon may discuss Viet Nam in a speech to the United Nations General Assembly this week.

One of the most pressing issues on the agenda at the White House was a second reduction of U.S. forces in South



EXHAUSTED G.I. RETURNING FROM PATROL
For whom ticks the clock?

Viet Nam. On this point, Nixon had more than Communist intransigence to consider. Although Defense Secretary Melvin Laird last month was prepared to recommend another withdrawal, Nixon deferred the announcement after Communist military activity accelerated. It later became clear that there was another reason: growing opposition to further cutbacks from the service chiefs. There is increasing skepticism among the generals that the Army of South Viet Nam (ARVN) is really prepared to take over the fighting from the U.S. Further, some military leaders are now insisting, as they so often have in the past, that the Communists cannot withstand American military pressure indefinitely. General Leonard Chapman, Marine Commandant, said last week that "time, the weapon employed so well by the enemy, is beginning to work against him now."

For whom the clock ticks loudest is of course a crucial question—both on the battlefield and at home in the U.S. So far the President has not had to contend with the kind of domestic antiwar pressure that drove Lyndon Johnson from power. That luxury is not likely to endure much longer. Now Nixon has been in office for nine months and it is reasonable to ask what has been accomplished and what new initiatives might be attempted.

Vanished Lull. The Administration's critics accuse Nixon of letting opportunities that might lead to a settlement slip by. Even with the benefit of hindsight, however, it is difficult to identify specific moments of great promise that the U.S. ignored. A battle lull did exist when Nixon took office, but it soon evaporated in a new enemy offensive. After that, Nixon displayed more caution than enterprise. He wanted to review all of the options in minute detail. He sought to create a sound working relationship with the Saigon government of Pres-



BUNKER, ROGERS, NIXON & LAIRD AT THE WHITE HOUSE
If ferocity is not to blame, perhaps optimism is.



"It's the Colonel—He's happy to pass the word that we're part of the troop withdrawal."

ident Nguyen Van Thieu. Both projects took time.

The desire to coordinate policy with Thieu was understandable, but has had scant results. Excessive concern for Thieu's viewpoint has inhibited imaginative approaches to the Communists. Though there has been agreement in principle and pronouncement, there is divergence in fundamental interest: the U.S. wants to disengage from the war but probably cannot do so and assure the survival of Thieu's government.

The split was clear last week in the manner in which Washington and Saigon responded to the 72-hour cease-fire that the Viet Cong proposed in memory of Ho Chi Minh. Saigon at first rejected it. After appeals from the U.S., a joint statement emerged saying that allied activities would be "influenced by the nature of enemy military operations." Then the South Vietnamese went ahead with offensive probes while U.S. forces assumed a defensive posture.

Unpromising Norm. As the truce ended, the Administration seemed to be groping for a correct tactical approach. Ground operations by both sides were resuming, with the Communists starting "normal" attacks a few hours early. But for nine hours, at Washington's orders, B-52 sorties were restricted to one-half the usual rate. Then the President, without explanation, ordered a total suspension of B-52 raids within South Viet Nam. The move was at first interpreted as an invitation to Hanoi to reciprocate. Thirty-six hours later, as enemy and allied ground operations continued, Nixon ordered the Stratofortresses back into action. Had Washington informed Hanoi of what it was doing? The White House would not say. Was the U.S. attempting to lure the other side into a stand-down by tangible example? If so, 36 hours was hardly

enough time for the opportunity to register with Communist leaders. Finally the White House explained somewhat lamely that it had made the gesture in hopes that the Communists were considering a combat reduction of their own. The U.S. was not initiating a peace feeler; it was preparing to react to a possible Communist move, or so the White House said. It was, all in all, a fumbling performance.

Thus at week's end matters were back to the weary, unpromising norm. Nixon's task is to determine whether anything within the range of possible actions will draw a positive response from the other side. Some of the options:

► A massive and early unilateral withdrawal of American forces, which is what the Communists want most, would of course be the fastest way out for the U.S. and the most economical in terms of American lives. It would also be an admission of failure that would reduce allied bargaining power in Paris to near zero and virtually assure a Communist takeover in South Viet Nam. The effect on American prestige and credibility in Asia could be devastating. Neither the Administration nor the American people as a whole is ready to accept this course—at least not yet.

► A series of smaller troop cutbacks, scheduled in advance and carried out over the course of perhaps 18 months, could at least persuade Saigon that the U.S. is serious about the "Vietnamization" of the war. The South Vietnamese might either become more energetic in their own defense or they might reconsider their reluctance to reach a political compromise with the Communists. Some American support elements might remain to stave off a Communist military victory.

► The U.S. could attempt to induce a full or partial cease-fire before other agreements are reached. It might be attempted in a few provinces at a time. Saigon's cooperation would be necessary, of course, and that might have to be obtained by threatening to withdraw.

► The U.S. could pressure Saigon into offering an important political concession, such as establishment of an interim coalition government that would then hold national elections. Thieu has pledged never to consider this; the concession could cause his fall from power. At some stage, however, the interests of his regime will have to yield to the larger need for peace.

Any dramatic innovation would be both difficult and risky. None carries more than a small chance of success. Jean Lacouture, the French biographer of Ho Chi Minh, insists that "Hanoi can be moved by something very bold." But it is more prudent to admit that the West does not really know what will move Hanoi, and given the mood and domestic needs of the U.S., it is difficult to see why Hanoi should see any reason to assist the U.S. out of Viet Nam. More than anything else, that is the agony of Nixon's dilemma.

THE SOUTH

Welcome in Mississippi

On hand to greet President Richard Nixon at Gulfport, Miss. Municipal Airport last week was a nearly all white crowd of 30,000. They were in a festive, exuberant mood, despite the fact that some had waited more than five hours to see the first Chief Executive since Harry Truman to visit their state. The President was in Mississippi to get a look at the devastation caused by Hurricane Camille. But the visit also served as a test of Nixon's "Southern strategy," reflected by his appointment of South Carolina Judge Clement Haynsworth Jr. to the Supreme Court and by the slower pace of school integration in the South under his Administration (see box opposite).

The test was so clearly positive as to make George Wallace envious. Cheers and rebel yells greeted Nixon, and home-made signs assured him that he was warmly welcome. "Pat, you got a good man," said one sign. "Not many Republicans here, but lots of Nixoncrats," read another. When the President waded into the crowd to shake hands, he ignited a frenzy of affection unlike anything seen in American politics since the campaign of the late Robert Kennedy. Adoring kids charged across police lines, girls squealed, babies cried, one woman fainted and another reached out to muss Nixon's hair. Nixon, fighting to stay on his feet, seemed to enjoy every moment. He signed autographs, had himself photographed with a local woman and her child, and pumped hundreds of hands before making his way back to the sanctuary of his plane.

The Administration, of course, denies



NIXON'S GREETING
Positive test for

that its recent actions were designed to appeal to Southern sentiment, and insists that both the court appointment and the school-desegregation decisions were made solely on their merits. Such disclaimers did not seem to have registered with his well-wishers. Not only did they cheer Nixon, but they also applauded Attorney General John Mitchell—widely regarded as the architect of the Administration's Southern strategy—almost as enthusiastically as they did the President. "The people feel he went down the line on those school guidelines," explained Democratic Representative G. V. ("Sonny") Montgomery. "They feel that in his way he's tried to help us."

That judgment was disapprovingly shared by the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights. In a heavily documented 105-page report released last week, the commission accused the Administration of pulling back on school desegregation. The bipartisan body, established by Congress in 1957 and now chaired by University of Notre Dame President the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, charged the Administration with attempting to justify its recent actions with statistics that give "an overly optimistic, misleading and inaccurate picture of the scope of desegregation actually achieved." It described the Administration's actions as "a major retreat in the struggle to achieve meaningful school desegregation." Said the report: "This is certainly no time to create the impression that we are turning back, but a time for pressing forward with vigor. This is certainly no time for giving aid and comfort, even unintentionally, to the laggards . . . If anything, this is a time to say that time is running out on us as a nation."



AT GULFPORT
the "Southern strategy."

Where Jim Crow Is Alive and Well

Three weeks ago, the Nixon Administration asked a federal court to delay the enforcement of an order requiring 30 Mississippi school districts to integrate this fall. According to Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Robert Finch, the delay, which will forestall integration in these districts for at least a year, was necessary to prevent "chaos, confusion and a catastrophic educational setback." Last week, TIME Correspondent Marvin Zim traveled to Mississippi to examine Finch's premise in a district typical of those granted a reprieve. He sent this report:

LEAKE County, in the geographical center of Mississippi, is an area of fields, farms and forests. Most of its 17,000 people live on the land, although an increasing number are finding work in the apparel factories and metalworking plants that are beginning to sprout in the lush countryside. Blacks comprise about 40% of the county's population, and to them and their white neighbors, Jim Crow is alive and well despite the passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Negroes still sit in the balcony when they go to the movies in Carthage (pop. 2,442), the county seat, and use separate waiting rooms when they visit local white doctors. Earlier this month, three Negro women were beaten when they brought their clothes to a white self-service laundry. Typically, the police did nothing.

Only about 70 of Leake County's 2,100 Negro schoolchildren have elected to brave harassment and enroll in white schools under the "freedom of choice" plan that has been in effect since 1965. Most attend all-black schools. The schools and their physical facilities are no longer unequal to those used by white children. But the education is, since segregation denies black children the opportunity to mix with whites. "How can you bring a black child up separately and then put him out there to face the man and expect him to do well?" asks Ferr Smith, the black director of a county poverty program.

Until the Nixon Administration granted it a year's respite, Leake County was scheduled to integrate its schools this fall in accordance with a plan drawn up by HEW's Office of Education. Under the program, one of the county's seven "attendance centers," or groupings of schools for grades one through twelve, would be abolished, while two presently white centers would become integrated high schools. Three Negro centers and one white one would become integrated elementary schools. Attendance at all would be governed only by residence.

There is little doubt that carrying out the plan would have caused some of the "chaos and confusion" of which

the Administration warned. Desks would have to be moved, blackboards raised or lowered, textbooks shifted, transportation arranged and teachers reassigned. But the Administration's reasons for seeking the delay were political, not logistical.

Most of the county's white teachers had threatened to abandon the system if the schools were integrated; none had signed contracts for the coming year, though it was customary to do so by March. Taking their cue from the teachers, wealthier parents had enrolled their children in St. Andrew's Episcopal Day School, 55 miles away in Jackson. Some even rented apartments so that mothers and children could live there during the week. Other families moved to neighboring Scott and Attala counties, neither of which was yet under court order to desegregate.

Still other parents talked of sending their children to a private school system being formed by a local citizens' group. The majority of whites, aware that Mississippi has no compulsory attendance law, intended to try do-it-yourself schooling at home. Sensing the popular mood, school officials did nothing to prepare the way for compliance with the HEW plan. "We wouldn't have implemented the plan," said School Superintendent F. F. Mundy, an ex-sheriff. "It called for complete integration."

That integration would have resulted in the "catastrophic educational setback" predicted by the Administration is highly doubtful. Few Leake County whites will admit publicly that they will send their children to school with blacks. But most acknowledge that they could not afford private schools and would not keep their children out of the public schools for long. "People say a lot of things," declares J. Edwin Smith, a prominent Carthage attorney and adviser to the county board of supervisors, "but when it gets right down to it, they don't always do what they say they're going to do."

County officials say that their people need more time to get used to the idea of integration. But even they admit that local whites are unlikely in the next year to accept the Supreme Court school desegregation decision that they have resisted since 1954. What they are likely to do instead is continue their attempts to defer the inevitable. Convinced by the current reprieve that the Administration can be pressured into granting even further concessions, Leake County's whites are already planning new delaying actions. As long as the Administration encourages or permits these delays, Leake County's Negroes will continue to be denied the equality of educational opportunity promised them by the Supreme Court 15 years ago.

BLACK POWER IN VIET NAM

ONLY two years ago, the U.S. military seemed to represent the most integrated institution in American society. In many ways it still does. But the armed services, made up of so many conscripts and "volunteers" escaping conscription, are mirrors that reflect and sometimes exaggerate the divisions of the entire society. While traditional military discipline remains an overwhelming control, the combination of domestic turbulence, an unpopular war and the new spirit of black militancy has produced ugly incidents in which American fighting men turned upon one another.

At Camp Lejeune, N.C., about 30 Negro and Puerto Rican Marines attacked 14 whites in July. One of the white Marines died. At Fort Bragg, N.C., racial antagonisms erupted into a brawl between 200 white and black soldiers. At Hawaii's Kaneohe air base, some 100 black and white Marines, just returned from Viet Nam, fell upon one another after a colors ceremony. Seventeen were injured.

Disturbing Decay. Earlier this month, Marine Commandant Leonard Chapman issued a message to all Marine commands, ordering, among other things, that officers hear complaints of discrimination promptly. Chapman dictated that the clenched-fist gesture of Black Power be permitted as a "sign of recognition and unity," but not as a gesture of defiance of authority.

Chapman claimed that racial problems "are almost unheard of among Marines in combat." He was at least technically correct. Neither Marines nor members of other services have been at one another's throats in the battle lines—survival requires total attention. Outside of the war zone, there has been a disturbing decay in racial relations among U.S. troops. To probe how deep-



HANDSHAKES AT DANANG

The pantheon of heroes has changed.

ly the new militancy runs in the military, TIME Correspondent Wallace Terry spent six months interviewing black troops in Viet Nam. His report:

Before the war went stale and before black aspirations soared at home, the black soldier was satisfied to fight on an equal basis with his white comrade-in-arms in Viet Nam as in no other war in American history. But now there is another war being fought in Viet Nam—between black and white Americans. "The immediate cause for racial prob-

lems here," explains Navy Lieut. Owen Heggs, the only black attorney in I Corps, "is black people themselves. White people haven't changed. What has changed is the black population."

When an American force stormed ashore south of Danang this summer, young blacks wore amulets around their necks symbolizing black pride, culture and self-defense. They raised their fists to their brothers as they moved side by side with white Marines against their common Communist enemy. "Ju Ju" and "Mau Mau" groups have organized to protect themselves against white prejudice and intimidation. In remote fire-support bases near the Cambodian border, blacks register their complaints as a group. Tanks fly black flags. At Danang, Black Power Leader Ron Karenga's followers have designed a flag: red for the blood shed by Negroes in Viet Nam and at home, black for the face of black culture, and green for youth and new ideas. Crossed spears and a shield at the center signify "violence if necessary," and a surrounding wreath "peace if possible" between blacks and whites.

White pinups have been replaced by black ones. One all-black hootch in Danang sports more than 500 such photographs. "I don't want any stringy-haired beast* broad on my wall. Black is beauty." In a Saigon "soul kitchen," blacks greet each other over spareribs and chitlins with 57 varieties of Black Power handshakes that may end with giving the receiver "knowledge" by tapping him on the head or vowing to die for him by crossing the chest, Roman legion style (see chart).

Many of today's young black soldiers are yesterday's rioters, expecting increased racial conflict in Viet Nam and at home when they return. Elaborate training in guerrilla warfare has not been lost upon them, and many officers, black and white, believe that Viet Nam may prove a training ground for the black urban commando of the future. As in America, the pantheon of black heroes has changed. The N.A.A.C.P.'s Roy Wilkins is a "uniform tango"—military phonetics for U.T., or Uncle Tom—and Massachusetts Senator Edward Brooke is an "Oreo" cookie—black on the outside, white on the inside. "The N.A.A.C.P., Urban League and Martin Luther King were good for their time and context," says Marine Corporal Joseph Harris of Los Angeles, "but this is a new time." King and Robert Kennedy, once among the young black soldier's idols, have died violently. Says Wardell Sellers, a rifleman from New York: "They were trying to help the brothers—you can see what that got



LIEUT. HEGGS TEACHING CULTURE TO MARINES

Red for the blood shed, black for the face, green for the youth and new ideas.

* "Beast," a term that originated with the Black Panthers, is rapidly replacing "Chuck" as the black soldier's standard epithet for the white man.

them." Now many blacks see the case of Edward Kennedy as a plot to remove one more hope. "Just like King and Bobby Kennedy," says Pfc. Carl Horsley, 19, "They gon' try to hang Teddy 'cause he was on the side of the brothers." To most black soldiers, Nixon doesn't even bear discussion. "If he were a brother," says Ronald Washington, a black sailor from Los Angeles, "he'd be the one true Uncle Tom."

In the jungle lies death for a cause that many black soldiers don't understand or dismiss as white man's folly. "Why should I come over here when some of the South Vietnamese live better than my people in 'the world'?" asks a black Marine. "We have enough problems fighting white people back home."

Black racism is strong, but so are provocations by white soldiers. Soon after Martin Luther King was killed, crosses were burned at Danang and Cam Ranh Bay. Confederate flags still fly from barracks and trucks, and are even worn as shoulder patches on the uniforms of helicopter pilots stationed at Phu Loi. Black soldiers at Con Thien grimeace when whites call a Negro ser-

in coming the black soldiers' way, however well they fight or however high their proportion of casualties. Some 13% of battle deaths are black, while Negroes make up 11.1% of the American population and 9.2% of the military.

For all that, the black soldier in the bush still helps his white comrade and wants his help as well. At Phuoc Vinh, a black 1st Cavalry trooper recently dragged a wounded white from a rocketed hooch when no other black or white dared to venture in. A black Navy medic who had been in Viet Nam only two weeks fell on a grenade near Danang to save a white Marine and lost his own life. When black Lieut. Archie Bigger was three times wounded capturing enemy artillery pieces, eleven whites held him aloft above the suffocating napalm smoke until a rescue chopper arrived. On Hamburger Hill, a white paratrooper tried vainly to breathe life into a fallen black medic.

Yet the violence at home and in "the Nam" leaves the black man with radically divided loyalties. Thus, says Lieut. Colonel Frank Peterson, the senior black officer in the Marine Corps, "the average black who has been here

Power salute. Only 1% condemned its use.

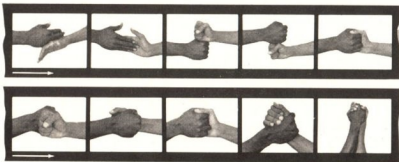
► 60% said they wear their hair Afro style, 17% wanted to, but said their commanders refused to let them. One Marine reported that he had been reduced in rank for refusing to get his hair cut closer.

► 55% preferred to eat their meals with blacks, 52% preferred to live in all-black barracks.

► 41% said they would join a riot when they returned to the U.S. However, a nearly equal number, 40%, said they would not.

► 28% said they believed that weapons would help the black cause back home, while 35% thought that they would be harmful to it. "What the beast has done for me which is going to screw him," said a black Marine, "is teach me how to use a weapon. The Marines taught me how to improve."

Combat inevitably sharpens both emotions and rhetoric. It is an incendiary combination to be young, black, armed, 10,000 miles from home and in persistent danger of death in "a white man's war." When the men return to



"Brother, I'm willing to die for you."

Two examples of black militant grips used in South Viet Nam. Top: 1st Cav. Div. (Airmobile) in III Corps. Bottom: Navy in I Corps.

"Brother, knowledge is power."

gent "brown boy" and a mongrel puppy "soul man." Base club operators who accept country and western but not soul music from their entertainers have paid a toll. Clubs were wrecked in Chu Lai, Qui Nhon and a dozen other places in the past twelve months. Two white sailors were recently tried for inciting a riot at the Tan My Club.

Violence has reached such a peak in the Danang area that lights have been installed on the streets of Cap Tien Sha to curb roving bands of white and black sailors who were attacking each other at night. At Dong Tam in the Delta and Dien Hoa north of Saigon, bands of black soldiers still waylay whites. A white officer in Danang was critically injured when a black Marine rolled a grenade under his headquarters. At the officer's side was a black sergeant with a reputation for not tolerating Afro haircuts and Black Power salutes.

Unrest among the blacks often turns on real discrimination or the failure of the military to accept the trappings of black soldiers bent on "doing their thing." Promotions, awards and coveted rear-area assignments are too often slow

and goes back to the States is bordering somewhere on the psychotic as a result of having grown up a black man in America—having been given this black pride and then going back to find that nothing has changed."

Personal interviews conducted with 400 black enlisted men from Con Thien to the Delta provide a measure, though by no means a scientific sample, of the attitudes of black men in Viet Nam:

► 45% said they would use arms to gain their rights when they return to "the world." A few boasted that they are smuggling automatic weapons back to the States.

► 60% agreed that black people should not fight in Viet Nam because they have problems back home. Only 23% replied that blacks should fight in Viet Nam the same as whites.

► 64% believed that racial troubles in Viet Nam are getting worse. Only 6% thought that racial relations were improving. "Just like civilian life," one black Marine said, "the white doesn't want to see the black get ahead."

► 56% said that they use the Black

"the world," their perspective may shift, and doubtless many black soldiers will become so busy with their own affairs that their militance will fade somewhat. Even in Viet Nam, 53% of the black men interviewed said that they would not join a militant group such as the Black Panthers when they return to the U.S. Says Major Wardell Smith: "A lot of what they say they will do, they just won't. They won't be so closely knit, and they will have girls, wives, families and jobs to worry over." Nevertheless, a significant number seems likely to continue to believe that the U.S. owes the black soldier a debt both for his service in Viet Nam and his suffering at home. These men are a new generation of black soldiers. Unlike the veterans of a year or two ago, they are immersed in black awareness and racial pride. It is only this fall and winter that they will be returning to civilian life in the cities. If they find that nothing has changed there, then they could constitute a formidable force in the streets of America, schooled and tempered in all the violent arts as no generation of blacks has ever been.

DETROIT

A Victory for Reason

Two years ago, when the city erupted in five days of violent race rioting, Detroit discovered the fearful force that is coiled in ghetto despair. Last week Black Power flexed again in Detroit, encouragingly, this time at the ballot box. With solid inner-city support, Wayne County's auditor, Richard Austin, 56, became the first black in Detroit's history to win a place in the runoff for mayor.

Austin won his shot at city hall with an impressive victory in the nonpartisan primary. He was first in a field of 29 with 124,941 votes, roughly 38% of the total ballots cast. The runner-up, Wayne County Sheriff Roman Gribbs, 43, received 105,640 votes. Under Detroit's election laws, Austin and Gribbs, the two leaders in a primary contest, become the candidates for the mayoral runoff election that will be held Nov. 4. Both are Democrats. So far, neither man has evinced the personal appeal or dynamism that elected Incumbent Mayor Jerome Cavanagh; both candidates, however, preach moderation on the volatile race issue and evoke a sense of stability.

Each man boasts a progressive record as an administrator: Austin is credited with having helped to bring order to county finances, Gribbs cleaned up corruption in the county sheriff's office. Yet both remain unknown quantities. Neither Austin nor Gribbs has announced his plans for solving Detroit's problems—a disheartening array of urban ills, including crime, poverty, inadequate schools and lack of funds.



AUSTIN AFTER PRIMARY
Putting the power in ballot boxes.

Little known last spring even among blacks, Austin was not the first choice of the city's black politicians. They sought William Patrick Jr., president of New Detroit, the community organization created to revive the city after the riots. Patrick would not run, so Austin became the black hope. The odds against his beating Gribbs in November are high. In the primary, Austin polled only 9% of the white vote. Detroit's population is about 40% Negro, but only an estimated 25% of the city's eligible voters are black. Gribbs will attract not only white moderates and some lib-

erals, but also white conservatives, who are likely to vote for his pigmentation if not his politics. Even if he does not win, Austin's candidacy represents a victory of reason over violence in Detroit's ghetto, and yet another example of the growing black recourse to the political and economic tools of power.

THE MAILS

Turning the Tide

Like locusts, unsolicited mail has always been a durable plague. It keeps coming back. To stem the descent, an instructor of English at Eastern Michigan University has developed a novel defense. Roger C. Staples, 34, recently complained to local postal authorities that several firms, ranging from Sears to J. C. Penney, were deluging his Ann Arbor home with unwanted "lewd" mail.

Not so, said local postal officials. The department-store and other ads that offended Staples could not be considered pornography. *Chacun à son goût*, said Staples, obscenity is in the eyes of the recipient; and he took his case to Washington. He argued: "I consider the advertisements for beds, sheets, pillows, girdles and intimate feminine articles offensive." He turned out to be right. Postal laws do indeed say that the recipient of mail is the sole judge of what is obscene. So out went a federal order to all the firms that had been blithely inundating Staples like any potential customer: they must delete his name from their mailing lists. If they do not, the Post Office will turn their names over to the Justice Department for possible prosecution.

Medium Cool at the White House

WHEN Lyndon Johnson's personal effects were trucked out of the White House, they contained at least 500,000 pictures of the President, his family and subordinates, taken by L.B.J.'s ubiquitous official photographer, Yoichi Okamoto, 54. Okamoto had served the President as a sort of benign *paparazzo* during the White House years, recording most of L.B.J.'s waking moments and some of his sleeping ones, too. The photographer was a familiar sight at every Cabinet meeting, every National Security Council meeting. Johnson wanted Okamoto with him constantly, taking pictures of L.B.J. with Congressmen, L.B.J. with Kosygin, L.B.J. with grandson Lyn, even L.B.J. getting out of bed in the morning. Once, at his Texas ranch, Johnson directed Okamoto: "Get the back of that cow."

Now that Richard Nixon is in the White House, the atmosphere has turned medium cool; Lyndon Johnson's always verged on blowup. Nixon's official photographer, Ollie Atkins, 53, stays in the background. He usually sees the President only when other photographers do. He has been called on by Nixon for special photographs fewer than two dozen times. Nixon likes his privacy, and Atkins rarely goes along

with him to the golf course or other leisure activities. As for the Nixon family, Atkins has so far taken just a few pictures. Says Atkins: "President Nixon considers his family to be private."

Nixon wants an adequate but minimal photographic record of his presidency, says Atkins, a veteran of 27 years

with the *Saturday Evening Post*. He has trimmed civilians on the White House photo-lab staff from 11 to four and dismissed the 23-man newsreel team that used to follow President Johnson around. Also gone is L.B.J.'s computerized photo file. Marvels Atkins: "You could push one button and out would come pictures of Johnson smiling, push another and you'd get Johnson frowning. One of the first things we did was throw out that file."

Nixon's reserve does not indicate an increase in White House secrecy, says Atkins. Despite Okamoto's constant presence, Johnson was always very careful about which photos were released, screening each shot personally. "If a picture was disapproved, it would disappear forever," says Atkins. Nixon, in contrast, leaves such matters to Atkins. "You can photograph Nixon up and down, front and back," says Atkins. "He doesn't care."



PHOTOGRAPHER ATKINS

EVERETT DIRKSEN: AMERICAN ORIGINAL

HE had the rheumy eyes of a bloodhound, the jowls of a St. Bernard and a baldachin of white hair like that of an extraordinarily unkempt poodle. His face, reporters joked, looked as if it had been slept in. When he spoke, there issued forth a sesquipedalian vocabulary, diapausal sounds like a Hammond organ in dense fog. His performances had a consciously archaic quality about them. He satirized fustian while indulging in it. His senatorial solemnity was a species of burlesque. He belonged in a Chautauqua rather than a McLuhan age, although he became a master of television performing. His manner, leavened by an exquisite sense of self-parody, conjured up Americana, suggestions of snake-oil peddlers, backwoods Shakespearians, the gentle rascallionry of Penrod Schofield's or Pudd'nhead Wilson's world. Before he died of a pulmonary embolism at 73, Everett McKinley Dirksen had himself become a unique object of Americana.

Not everyone, of course, was charmed. As Republican leader of the U.S. Senate for the past ten years, Dirksen commanded the power to alter the directions of the nation, and sometimes he almost gave the impression of whimsicality in the causes he embraced. At times, he was a man of stupefying inconsistency. But then Dirksen always was fond of quoting Emerson on the hobgoblin of little minds. It was Dirksen, an old supporter of Joe McCarthy, who almost singlehandedly kept the utterly superfluous Subversive Activities Control Board in business two years ago. It was Ev, too, who had been seeking a constitutional convention to overturn the Supreme Court's one-man one-vote decision. Yet the civil rights acts of 1964 and 1965, and last year's open housing bill, perhaps would not have passed without Dirksen's aid. Similarly, the 1963 nuclear test-ban treaty might not have cleared the Senate had not the minority leader, long a vocal opponent of the treaty, searched his mind and concluded that "my earlier opinions did not stand up."

The Mighty Oilcan. Dirksen was apparently serene about such political transmogrifications, which struck others as a trifle manic. "Change," he once observed, "is inherent to life. The only persons who don't change are dead, or involuntarily confined in mental hospitals." More than an ideologue, Dirksen was a total and masterly politician. His 35 years on Capitol Hill equipped him with intricate parliamentary skills, and his basic instincts were conciliatory. "The oilcan is mightier than the sword," he believed. Moreover, from his first days in Washington until his death, his primary concern went to the heart of public policy.

He was personally kind and shamelessly sentimental. In his garden at Ster-

ling, Va., he tended prize roses, poinsettias and camellias. Each year, in his most florid prose, he beseeched the Senate to designate the marigold as the nation's official flower: "It is as sprightly as the daffodil, as delicate as the carnation, as aggressive as the petunia, as ubiquitous as the violet and as stately as the snapdragon." He was one of the last national politicians who dared allow his eyes to mist when he spoke of the "fa-lag" and "coun-tray," and, in a way, the emotion was genuine.

In the Gas Bag. What ideological baggage he did carry was a fairly conventional Midwestern conservatism based upon business and old American virtues of religion and family. Dirksen's

the "gas bag" must have had something to do with his later grandiloquence.

Actually, the poet and speechifier had been in him from boyhood: he liked to erect a platform in the barn and electrify himself with his own sermons. After the war, he went back to Pekin, failed in a washing-machine enterprise, then joined Tom and their older brother Benjamin Harrison Dirksen in a bakery. But all the while, Ev was writing short stories and plays. With a friend, he produced three theatrical triumphs in Pekin. In one, Percy MacKaye's *A Thousand Years Ago*, Dirksen played a fevered lover in pursuit of the Princess of Pekin. He won her, naturally, and kept her. The "princess" was a girl named Louella Carver, who became Mrs. Dirksen in 1927.

Dirksen's political career began in



LYING IN STATE IN CAPITOL ROTUNDA
Serenity despite all the transmogrifications.

parents were German immigrants who settled in Pekin, Ill., still speaking their Ostrischean dialect at home. He was prophetically named for the 19th century orator Edward Everett and for William McKinley, who was elected President the year that Ev and his twin brother Tom were born. The boys went to work early, tending the vegetable gardens on the family's 14 acres, milking the cows and slopping the hogs.

At 18, Dirksen enrolled at the University of Minnesota, working nights as an ad taker for the *Minneapolis Tribune*. In 1917, he quit school, joined the Army and shipped off to France, where, as a 2nd lieutenant, he was assigned to man a tethered balloon 3,500 ft. above the lines, spotting artillery targets and sweating out German fighters. He sometimes joked that his duty in

1927, when he was elected Pekin's city finance commissioner. He ran for Congress three years later and lost to the incumbent. In 1932, however, he made it. Throughout his congressional career, Dirksen displayed a prodigious capacity for hard work, arising at 5:30 every morning and carrying home a bulging briefcase each evening. During the New Deal, he did not support all of F.D.R.'s programs, but did vote for many, including social security and the minimum wage and hour bill. He was an isolationist until September 1941, when he switched to support Roosevelt's international policies, including aid to Britain. Dirksen remained an internationalist throughout the war, later backed the Marshall Plan and creation of the United Nations.

Fearing that he was going blind, Dirk-

sen quit the House in early 1949. He was on his way to Johns Hopkins in Baltimore for surgery for degeneration of the retina when he "consulted with the Big Doctor Upstairs" and decided against the operation. With ten months of rest, he recovered his vision. In 1951, Dirksen returned to Washington as a Senator.

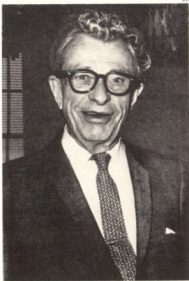
The Succession. It is the memory of Dirksen in the early Eisenhower years that has always troubled his liberal critics. He reverted to isolationism and became a domestic reactionary, defending Joe McCarthy's depredations and fighting doggedly to prevent McCarthy's Senate censure in 1954. But after the censure, with his own re-election in 1956 and some courting from Eisenhower, Dirksen gradually moderated his views.

For a time, Dirksen, who was always ambitious, had hoped to run for the vice-

successor to achieve. With a Republican President, for one thing, the influence of all G.O.P. Senators is somewhat diminished as they defer to the White House's lead. As Republicans have increased their strength in the Senate (there are now 43, compared with 35 in 1961), their factionalism has also increased. Last week, even as Dirksen lay in state in the Capitol rotunda, the maneuvering to claim his mantle began. Pennsylvania's Hugh Scott, the Minority Whip, was the choice of party liberals, while the conservatives leaned toward either Nebraska's Roman Hruska, Colorado's Gordon Allott or Tennessee's Howard Baker, who is Dirksen's son-in-law. Since both Hruska, 65, and Allott, 62, are comparatively colorless, the Senate G.O.P.'s conservative majority may well settle on Baker, 43, a Nixon moderate who would provide the



AT 1952 G.O.P. CONVENTION



AT THE CAPITOL LAST YEAR

An impossible act to follow.

presidency with Robert Taft in 1952. But when he ascended to the Senate G.O.P. leadership in 1959, he was mellow, and his ambitions were satisfied. Under Kennedy and Johnson, he became a uniquely loyal opposition to the White House. In hindsight, his largest failure during the '60s arose from his devotion to Lyndon Johnson. Dirksen refused to criticize the President for the conduct of the Viet Nam war and kept most Republican Senators silent as well—although it is doubtful that many would have been highly critical in any case.

It was Dirksen's fate to spend almost all of his years in Congress as a member of the minority party. Characteristically, he made the best of it, and no member of the Republican Party had greater impact on the legislation of those Democratic years.

Among Senate Republicans, Dirksen exercised an unchallenged leadership that will probably be impossible for his

party with a more youthful image. A day after the funeral in Pekin, both Baker and Scott declared their candidacies for Dirksen's chair, and Hruska added his bid two days later.

There was Senate gossip about working out a deal in which Scott, who is 68 and faces a difficult re-election race next year, might be named leader, with Baker as his whip. Baker, who has been in the Senate for just three years, could thus gain parliamentary experience and inherit the leadership before long. In any case, the position will inevitably count for less now that Dirksen is gone.

The reason is not merely the scope of the job; it is the stature and the enormous range of the man who has vacated it. Dirksen's act would be impossible for anyone to follow. Who else, after all, could have won a Grammy and outsold Elvis Presley and Bob Dylan with a record on which he read the Declaration of Independence, backed by full orchestra and chorus?

TIME ESSAY

MODERN American speech, while not always clear or correct or turned with much style, is supposed to be uncommonly frank. Witness the current explosion of four-letter words and the explicit discussion of sexual topics. In fact, gobbledygook and nice-Nellyism still extend as far as the ear can hear. Housewives on television may chat about their sex lives in terms that a decade ago would have made gynecologists blush; more often than not, these emancipated women still speak about their children's "going to the potty." Government spokesmen talk about "redemption" of American troops; they mean withdrawal. When sociologists refer to blacks living in slums, they are likely to mumble about "nonwhites" in a "culturally deprived environment." The CIA may never have used the expression "to terminate with extreme prejudice" when it wanted a spy rubbed out. But in the context of a war in which "pacification of the enemy infrastructure" is the military mode of reference to blasting the Viet Cong out of a village, the phrase sounded so plausible that millions readily accepted it as accurate.

The image of a generation blessed with a swinging, liberated language is largely an illusion. Despite its swaggering sexual candor, much contemporary speech still hides behind that traditional enemy of plain talk, the euphemism.

Necessary Evil

From a Greek word meaning "to use words of good omen," euphemism is the substitution of a pleasant term for a blunt one—telling it like it isn't. Euphemism has probably existed since the beginning of language. As long as there have been things of which men thought the less said the better, there have been better ways of saying less. In everyday conversation the euphemism is, at worst, a necessary evil; at its best, it is a handy verbal tool to avoid making enemies needlessly, or shocking friends. Language purists and the blunt-spoken may wince when a young woman at a party coyly asks for directions to "the powder room," but to most people this kind of familiar euphemism is probably no more harmful or annoying than, say, a split infinitive.

On a larger scale, though, the persistent growth of euphemism in a language represents a danger to thought and action, since its fundamental intent is to deceive. As Linguist Benjamin Lee Whorf has pointed out, the structure of a given language determines, in part, how the society that speaks it views reality. If "substandard housing" makes rotting slums appear more livable or inevitable to some people, then their view of American cities has been distorted and their ability to assess the significance of poverty has been reduced. Perhaps

THE EUPHEMISM: TELLING IT LIKE IT ISN'T

the most chilling example of euphemism's destructive power took place in Hitler's Germany. The wholesale corruption of the language under Nazism, notes Critic George Steiner, is symbolized by the phrase *endgültige Lösung* (final solution), which "came to signify the death of 6,000,000 human beings in gas ovens."

Roses by Other Names

No one could argue that American English is under siege from linguistic falsehood, but euphemisms today have the nagging persistence of a headache. Despite the increasing use of nudity and sexual innuendo in advertising, Madison Avenue is still the great exponent of talking to "the average person of good upbringing"—as one TV executive has euphemistically described the ordinary American—in ways that won't offend him. Although this is like fooling half the people none of the time, it has produced a handsome bouquet of roses by other names. Thus there is "facial-quality tissue" that is not intended for use on faces, and "rinses" or "tints" for women who might be unsettled to think they dye their hair. In the world of deodorants, people never sweat or smell; they simply "offend." False teeth sound truer when known as "dentures."

Admen and packagers, of course, are not the only euphemizers. Almost any way of earning a salary above the level of ditchdigging is known as a profession rather than a job. Janitors for several years have been elevated by image-conscious unions to the status of "custodians"; nowadays, a teen-age rock guitarist with three chords to his credit can class himself with Horowitz as a "recording artist." Cadillac dealers refer to autos as "pre-owned" rather than "secondhand." Government researchers concerned with old people call them "senior citizens." Ads for bank credit cards and department stores refer to "convenient terms"—meaning 18% annual interest rates payable at the convenience of the creditor.

Jargon, the sublanguage peculiar to any trade, contributes to euphemism when its terms seep into general use. The stock market, for example, rarely "falls" in the words of Wall Street analysts. Instead it is discovered to be "easing" or found to have made a "technical correction" or "adjustment." As one financial writer notes: "It never seems to 'technically adjust' upward." The student New Left, which shares a taste for six-syllable words with Government bureaucracy, has concocted a collection of substitute terms for use in politics. To "liberate," in the context of campus uproars, means to capture and occupy. Four people in agreement form a "coalition." In addition to "participatory democracy," which in practice is often a description of anarchy, the uni-

versity radicals have half seriously given the world "anticipatory Communism," which means to steal. The New Left, though, still has a long way to go before it can equal the euphemism-creating ability of Government officials. Who else but a Washington economist would invent the phrase "negative saver" to describe someone who spends more money than he makes?

A persistent source of modern euphemisms is the feeling, inspired by the prestige of science, that certain words contain implicit subjective judgments, and thus ought to be replaced with more "objective" terms. To speak of "morals" sounds both superior and arbitrary, as though the speaker were indirectly questioning those of the listener. By substituting "values," the concept is miraculously turned into a condition, like humidity or mass, that can be safely measured from a distance. To call someone "poor," in the modern way of thinking, is to speak pejoratively of his condition, while the substitution of "disadvantaged" or "underprivileged," indicates that poverty wasn't his fault. Indeed, writes Linguist Mario Pei in a new book called *Words in Sheep's Clothing* (Hawthorn; \$6.95), by using "underprivileged," we are "made to feel that it is all our fault." The modern reluctance to judge makes it more offensive than ever before to call a man a liar; thus there is a "credibility gap" instead. No up-to-date teacher would dare refer to a child as "stupid" or a "bad student"; the D+ student is invariably an "underachiever" or a "slow learner."

Forbidden Words

The liberalization of language in regard to sex involves the use of perhaps a dozen words. The fact of their currency in what was once known as polite conversation raises some unanswered linguistic questions. Which, really, is the rose, and which the other name? Is "lovmaking" a euphemism for the four-letter word that describes coulation? Or is this blunt Anglo-Saxonism a dysphemism for making love? Are the old forbidden obscenities really the crude bedrock on which softer and shyer expressions have been built? Or are they simply coarser ways of expressing physical actions and parts of the human anatomy that are more accurately described in less explicit terms? It remains to be seen whether the so-called forbidden words will contribute anything to the honesty and openness of sexual discussion. Perhaps their real value lies in the acidic, expletive power to shock, which is inevitably diminished by overexposure. Perhaps the Victorians, who preferred these words unspoken and unprinted, will prove to have had a point after all.

For all their prudery, the Victorians

were considerably more willing than modern men to discuss ideas—such as social distinctions, morality and death—that have become almost unmentionable. Nineteenth century gentlemen whose daughters had "limbs" instead of suggestive "legs" did not find it necessary to call their maids "housekeepers," nor did they bridle at referring to "upper" or "lower" classes within society. Rightly or wrongly, the Victorian could talk without embarrassment about "sin," a word that today few but clerics use with frequency or ease. It is even becoming difficult to find a doctor, clergyman or undertaker (known as a "mortician") who will admit that a man has died rather than "expired" or "passed away." Death has not lost its sting; the words for it have.

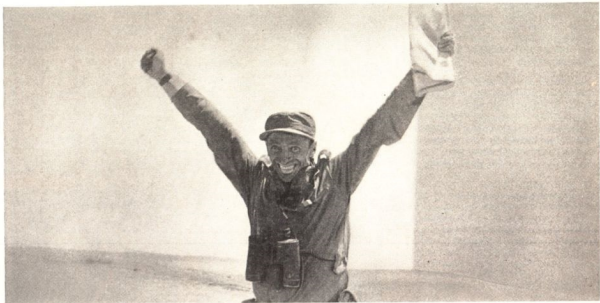
Psychological Necessity

There is little if any hope that euphemisms will ever be excised from mankind's endless struggle with words that, as T. S. Eliot lamented, bend, break and crack under pressure. For one thing, certain kinds of everyday euphemisms have proved their psychological necessity. The uncertain morale of an awkward teen-ager may be momentarily buoyed if he thinks of himself as being afflicted by facial "blemishes" rather than "pimples." The label "For motion discomfort" that airlines place on paper containers undoubtedly helps the squeamish passenger keep control of his stomach in bumpy weather better than if they were called "vomit bags." Other forms of self-deception may not be beneficial, but may still be emotionally necessary. A girl may tolerate herself more readily if she thinks of herself as a "swinger" rather than as promiscuous. Voyeurs can salve their guilt feelings when they buy tickets for certain "adult entertainments" on the ground that they are implicitly supporting "freedom of artistic expression."

Lexicographer Bergen Evans of Northwestern University believes that euphemisms persist because "lying is an indispensable part of making life tolerable." It is virtuous, but a bit beside the point, to contend that lies are deplorable. So they are; but they cannot be moralized or legislated away, any more than euphemisms can be. Verbal miasma, when it deliberately obscures truth, is an offense to reason. But the inclination to speak of certain things in uncertain terms is a reminder that there will always be areas of life that humanity considers too private, or too close to feelings of guilt, to speak about directly. Like stammers or tears, euphemisms will be created whenever men doubt, or fear, or do not know. The instinct is not wholly unhealthy; there is a measure of wisdom in the familiar saying that a man who calls a spade a spade is fit only to use one.

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST: THE WAR AND THE WOMAN



JUBILANT ISRAELI OFFICER AFTER TANK RAID ACROSS GULF OF SUEZ

Wherever we stroll there are always three—you and I and the next war.
—Contemporary Israeli Poem

FOR a few suspenseful days last week, the people of Israel wondered whether the next war might not be imminent. Israeli units were engaged in the biggest combined air, land and sea operation since the Six-Day War with the Arabs in 1967. Naval commandos were the first to go into action in the Gulf of Suez, blasting two Egyptian torpedo boats. Next, an Israeli armored unit of 150 men ferried across the gulf in landing craft, spent ten hours shooting up troops, bases and radar installations with utter impunity along a dusty strip of Egyptian coastline. Not until two days later did the Egyptians reply by sending swarms of MIG fighters and Sukhoi bombers aloft, but Israel's air force quickly routed them.

Throughout, the telephone wires hummed between Israel's general staff and a grandmotherly-looking woman who is the country's Premier. Mrs. Golda Meir, 71, listened to the reports with obvious relish. At week's end, in a message marking Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year, she ushered in the year 5730 on the Hebrew calendar with a warning to the Arab nations. "Attacks on the frontiers, sabotage attempts within Israel and attacks of piracy against Israelis abroad," she said, "have fortified Israel's resolve never to return to the situation of constant peril which prevailed before the Six-Day War."

They were tough words from a tough lady. Golda Meir became Premier six

months ago, after the death of Levi Eshkol. With the job, she inherited the difficult task of overseeing the territories captured during the Six-Day War: the Sinai Peninsula, the Gaza Strip, and the West Bank of the Jordan River, and the Golan Heights. The new boundaries, created under a United Nations ceasefire, soon came to be violated almost daily. One of the deadliest border conflicts of modern history was under way.

It is not full-scale war, but far more serious than the nagging frontier clashes that sometimes go on between hostile nations for years. It involves issues that reason, self-interest and compromise could settle, yet it is wrapped in nationalistic and cultural hatreds that seem beyond resolution in this generation. Each side is backed by one of the world's two big powers and yet, while neither the U.S. nor Russia wants war in the Middle East, neither seems capable of making peace.

Formation of Hawks

The current phase of conflict started about 18 months ago with the appearance of sizable numbers of Arab guerrillas who called themselves "fedayeen" ("men of sacrifice"). Well-armed, fairly well-trained, bound together by a mystical hatred of the Jews, the fedayeen swelled rapidly with recruits. Soon eleven different organizations, seven of which are loosely amalgamated and led by a burly fighter named Yasser Arafat (TIME cover, Dec. 13), were raiding Israel. Though most Arab governments were reluctant to give them open support for fear of retaliation, the fed-

ayeen before long were powerful enough to defy the authorities. The fedayeen never were of major military significance, but they force the Israelis to maintain constant vigilance, exacting a steady toll not only of lives but of the spirit.

Since Mrs. Meir became Premier, the conflict has heated up considerably, and Arab leaders place much of the responsibility on her. English-speaking Arabs used to refer to her contemptuously as Golda Lox. Now, by and large, they no longer joke about her. "Under Eshkol," says an Arab professor, "I had a vague hope that something was possible. Under Mrs. Meir, I have no such hope." A Jordanian Cabinet member agrees: "Eshkol hated the hawks, but Golda flies in formation with them. She has always been hard as nails." Part of the time, she has had to be. Nine days before she was sworn in, the Egyptians, having turned the Suez front opposite Sinai into one vast, armed camp, loosed a thunderous artillery barrage. What Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser described as "the war of attrition" went into high gear. Since then the artillery has rarely been silent.

Nor was Suez the only scene of action. The Israelis carried out raids deep in Egypt and against terrorist camps along the borders of Jordan and Lebanon. Arab guerrillas lofted Soviet-made Katyusha rockets into Israeli kibbutzim, or crept across the borders to plant mines and blow up pipelines. The Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine proved particularly nettlesome. Three weeks ago, the P.F.L.P. hijacked a TWA

jetliner with 113 aboard and forced it down in Damascus; two Jewish passengers are still being held by the Syrians. Last week several of the Front's teen-aged "cub commandos" tossed hand grenades into Israeli offices in Bonn, Brussels and The Hague, gravely wounding one employee of El Al Airlines.

To the Israelis, the situation along the Suez Canal front was the most worrisome of all. There the unremitting attacks by President Nasser's Russian-trained gunners and snipers as well as occasional Egyptian commando forays were taking a toll greater than Israel felt it could bear. In the past month alone, 21 Israelis died in such attacks. The Israelis felt that they must reply somehow.

The ten-hour war was their answer. It began when a column of six dusty, yellow-painted tanks and three armored personnel carriers began lumbering across the Sinai Peninsula, headed west. The vehicles were Russian, captured during the Six-Day War. The Israeli soldiers aboard them spoke fluent Arabic and wore Egyptian-type uniforms. Moving only at night to escape surveillance by Egyptian planes and hiding under camouflage during the day while temperatures soared above 100° F., the strange convoy reached the Gulf of Suez early last week.

Unbearable Burden

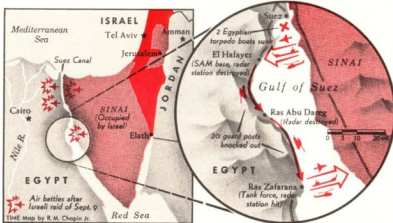
The night before the armored unit set out, Israeli frogmen in boats with muffled engines moved quietly out to sea and headed for the small Egyptian naval base of Ras Sadat, twelve miles south of Port Suez. There the frogmen slid into the water and planted powerful charges under the hulls of two Russian-built Egyptian navy torpedo boats assigned to patrol that section of the gulf; the Egyptian craft blew out of the water.

The way was clear for the Israeli tankers. The next night, landing craft carried them without opposition across the gulf to the Egyptian coast. Laden with extra fuel, extra guns and extra ammunition, the Israelis swiveled off the landing craft before dawn. They achieved total surprise and inflicted heavy casualties on their 40-mile sweep down the coast. As the convoy moved south through El Hafayer, trucks pulled off the two-lane asphalt highway with friendly waves to make way for what appeared to be Egyptian military vehicles. They were machine-gunned. Sentries were shot down before they could reach for their guns. Some men asleep in guard posts along the road died without waking when Israeli engineers leaped out of the half-tracks and slid satchel charges into the huts where they lay.

Farther down the road, the column clanked up to the small outpost at Ras Abu Dareg, leveled its guns on a radar installation and demolished it. In the village of Ras Zafarana, the tanks destroyed another radar, then radioed Tel Aviv for permission to attack a detach-



DEAD EGYPTIANS SPRAWLED BESIDE GASOLINE TANKER AFTER BATTLE



WRECKAGE OF ISRAELI MIRAGE JET SHOT DOWN NEAR SUEZ CANAL

ment of Egyptian armor parked farther south. Because the convoy had already been in Egypt for ten hours—suffering one man wounded during the whole time—headquarters ordered them home. Landing craft picked up the soldiers and ferried them back unopposed.

No reinforcements ever arrived to aid the outgunned Egyptians. Officials later maintained that they did not want to expose tanks and men to strafing Israeli jets. But two days later, smarting under an attack that they refused to admit had succeeded, the Egyptians scrambled jets to attack Israeli troops on the Sinai side of the Suez Canal. All told, Cairo claimed, 102 Egyptian planes were in the air. They were chal-

lenged by Israeli pilots, and a swirl of dogfights began. Before darkness ended the fighting, Israel claimed eleven Egyptian planes downed against only one of its own. The total was the biggest for a single day since the '67 war, and brought total Egyptian postwar losses to 51. Egypt maintained that it shot down six Israeli planes and lost two. Judging from the wreckage visible on the ground, the Israeli claim seemed more valid.

The Israelis felt that they had compelling reasons for the strike. Through the summer, the country's morale had sagged as casualty lists grew. Nasser had begun talking of "a battle of destiny." Mrs. Meir and her aides decided to remind Egypt's President not to get

carried away by his own rhetoric and to demonstrate that the Arab armies were no match for the Israelis.

The last point was proved beyond the slightest doubt. On paper, at least, the Arab armies are stronger than the Israeli forces. In its most recent annual report, London's Institute for Strategic Studies estimates that, including reserves, the United Arab Republic, Jordan, Syria and Iraq have a total of 400,000 men under arms v. 290,000 for Israel. Together the Arab countries have 2,200 tanks compared with 1,000 for Israel and about 645 jet interceptors and fighter-bombers to 195 for the Israelis. In Egypt's case, the bulk of the equipment has been supplied by the Soviet

The Israelis as Occupiers

NO one likes to be an occupier, but it's better than being occupied." So said an Israeli official recently. Most of his countrymen would probably echo the sentiment in trying to explain their feelings about their country's occupation of Arab lands. When Israel ended the Six-Day War with more than 43,750 sq. mi. of Arab territory under its control, the country also acquired more than 1,000,000 Arabs who were bitterly resentful of their defeat and implacably hostile to the occupiers.

Today even some Arabs will admit that the Israelis have been fairer than the Arabs would have been had the roles been reversed. Still, that is little consolation to a people who are convinced that Israel has no intention of ever giving up the occupied lands. Says Anwar Nusseibeh, a former Jordanian Defense Minister: "We are occupied by a foreign power whose purpose it is to gather in as many Jews as possible. In the scheme of things today, there is no place for Arabs."

In everyday life, there is hardly a sign of outright Israeli repression. The administrative and military posture of the occupiers is low; West Bank Governor Brigadier General Raphael Vardi, who controls some 600,000 Palestinian Arabs, does his job with a lean staff of no more than 300 Israelis. TIME Correspondent Jim Bell cabled last week after a five-day tour of the West Bank: "The Israelis you saw were in the occasional infantry squad, their combat fatigues wet with sweat, walking along a road or eating rations under a gnarled olive tree. Occasionally others raced by in Jeeps and weapons carriers, looking neither right nor left. In Jenin, messengers came and went from the military governor's office. Across the street a sweating workman was putting new glass in the window of a bank at which a hand grenade had been tossed the day before. There was no question that the Israelis were there. But they went about their business looking through the Arab sea around them."

Arab mayors have been kept in charge of local government. Arab judges in charge of local law. The Jordanian syllabus, although purged of all inflammatory anti-Israel material, is still used in West Bank schools. Israeli agricultural experts dispense advice to Arab farmers. While business on the whole is down because of the loss of Arab tourism, the oc-

cupied areas are not economically stagnant. There is a reasonable amount of practical cooperation with the Arabs, but Israeli officials do not deceive themselves about the depth of hostility toward their rule and, as a result, permit a good deal of criticism. "You can say anything you like over there," explains Jerusalem Mayor Teddy Kollek, "but we won't stand for bomb throwing." Indeed, terrorism or sheltering and aiding fedayeen commandos bring quick, harsh Israeli retaliation. Houses are razed and suspects are arrested and held without due process. In general, however, Arab resistance is sullen and passive. There is hardly any fraternization; neither side seems to want any.

Israel realizes that absorption of more than 1,000,000 Arabs into Israeli life could be dangerous. "All the Jews will be getting Ph.D.s," frets Premier Meir, "and the Arabs will be doing the dirty work." Defense Minister Moshe Dayan explains that "we do not want to exploit them or colonize them or turn them into Jews. We just want the right to be there and to let them run their own lives, with full rights—but not to depend on their agreement, because we will not get it. There is no point in trying to get agreement with them, but

there is a point to try and say: All right, we know what you think and you know what we are doing. As things are like that anyway, how about trying to drill for water or have a mutual bus company taking tourists around?"

Even in such enlightened talk, Israelis inevitably refer to the Arabs as "they"—signifying an Israeli sense of difference and superiority. Not a few Israelis, mainly intellectuals, worry about the ultimate effect of the occupier's role on the national character. There has always been a small but gnawing guilt feeling that Israel acquired some of its richest lands because the earlier Palestinian owners were, in one way or another, forced out. Throughout their history, the Jews have lived too often as aliens in someone else's land, at someone else's mercy, to be entirely at ease in their new role as occupiers. However necessary and fair-minded the Israeli administration of the occupied territories may be, there are Israelis to whom the idea of Jews ruling anyone against his will is repugnant.



DOCUMENT CHECK AT JORDANIAN BORDER

Union since the 1967 war and includes MIG-21s, T-55 tanks and SA-2 surface-to-air missiles. None of it seemed to help. "It would be absolutely wrong," conceded Russia's *Komsomolskaya Pravda* last week, "to conceal the shortcomings in the Egyptian army." Morale is low. Once the Arab rallying cry was: "Push Israel into the sea!" Recently, reflecting the Arab feeling of futility, it has been: "Let Israel take all the land she wants, then choke on it."

One problem is that most Arab soldiers are far less motivated than their Israeli counterparts, who are sure that they are fighting for the survival of their nation. Arabs have fought bravely, but they do not have the feeling that the very survival of their countries is at stake. Some of them may also sense that they are serving rulers who use and abuse them. Unimaginative strategy is another problem. Nasser, for example, has stationed powerful forces along the Suez Canal and around Cairo, an in-depth defense reminiscent of the Soviet strategy in 1941, when the Germans were nearing Moscow. "What Nasser has bought," former Israeli Intelligence Chief Chaim Herzog said last week, "is the creation of a Moscow redoubt around Cairo. On this line, the Egyptians will fight. On the rest they will not. But Egypt will also have to import the snow to complete the strategy." The highly mobile Israelis have it within their power to offset such defenses by attacking the exposed flanks—which is precisely what they did last week.

The scope and ferocity of the week's operations seemed a sure sign that once again the Middle East's irreconcilable antagonists were inching toward the brink of war. In Israel there was grim satisfaction over the week's statistics—at least 150 Egyptians dead in the surprise raid, nearly a dozen planes downed. "A shocking blow to Egypt," said Defense Minister Moshe Dayan. "The ones to come will be bigger."

No Monopoly

Golda Meir made it clear that indeed there would be further blows, unless Nasser and his allies halt their bombardments and guerrilla raids. A war of attrition "can be a two-way street," she said in an interview with TIME. "It isn't something we wish for. But if it has to go on, if that's the position of the Arabs and they won't stop, it has to go on. We can take more than they believe we can take. And we can fight back."

Added Mrs. Meir: "We also have no alternative. There is nothing we can do about it as long as the Arabs won't have peace, as long as they won't even abide by the cease-fire, and if that's how they want it to be, we will live with it. And they'll know that we aren't the only ones that suffer. We have a duty to protect our people."

That duty can be onerous. Israel, with its small population (less than 3,000,000), simply cannot afford a war of attrition as easily as Egypt, with its

33.5 million people. Every casualty hurts. Last week, for example, the Premier's elation over the successful Gulf of Suez raid was tempered by the fact that three navy frogmen en route back to Sinai from the Ras Sadat exploit were accidentally killed by a faulty charge. "How unlucky it was," she said sadly to an aide, "that they had done their job so beautifully and on the way back had encountered tragedy." When the massive dogfight broke out, the Premier was less interested in the Israeli kills than in the fact that an Israeli pilot had been shot down over Egypt and captured. She telephoned General Haim Bar-Lev, her Chief of Staff, and

tically certain of victory. But her successor may well be determined four years from now by a combination of personality and approach to the occupied territories.

Israel has other problems, many of them the result of economic good times. Approximately 25,000 Arabs from the occupied territories have taken jobs in Israel, but the labor pool is still short. Prices are being kept in line only because the government refuses to sanction wage increases; one result of this is a series of labor disputes, including a postal strike which has trapped a million pieces of mail in the Jerusalem post office. About the only problem for which there appears



GUERRILLA CUBS CREDITED WITH ATTACKS ABROAD
Debilitating toll of both lives and spirit.

asked for all the personal information he had on the airman.

Nevertheless, she is convinced that Israel must maintain a tough attitude toward the Arabs and accept the losses. As a result of her approach, the Israelis no longer speak of "retaliatory" raids, but "anticipatory counterattacks."

This theory of pragmatic belligerency receives general support among Israeli politicians, especially in view of the rising casualties along the Suez in recent months. Where the politicians do differ is on the question of what to do about the occupied territories that Israel shows less and less inclination to relinquish. One faction of the ruling Labor Party, represented by Deputy Premier Yigal Allon, argues for the establishment of paramilitary settlements in the occupied territories. Moshe Dayan favors an interlinked economy to benefit Jew and Arab. A program advocated by Gahal, a right-wing nationalist party led by Cabinet Minister Menachem Begin, is for outright annexation. Though she generally favors Allon, Mrs. Meir has publicly refused to commit herself to any of these approaches—until and unless negotiations with the Arabs begin. For the present, the occupation issue scarcely figures in electoral politics. Elections for seats in the Knesset will take place next month, and Mrs. Meir is prac-

to be no formula is how to achieve peace. Says Golda Meir: "I don't know when peace will come. But I have no doubt that it will."

Golda Meir's character, like that of the state of Israel, was shaped in the ghettos of Europe and drew on a heritage of two millennia of sorrow and insecurity. The essence of the woman is conviction, without compromise, and expressed with all the subtlety of a Centurion tank. She seldom loses an argument, and once, after a heated policy dispute, so unnerved Dayan that he felt obliged to ask before he left her office: "Do you still love me, Golda?" Her convictions extend to her personal life. She still refuses to ride in a German-made car, and is so egalitarian that even as Premier she cooks her own breakfast and will occasionally make tea for a military courier. For all her toughness, she remains feminine enough to weep at the funeral of a soldier.

Like many other Israelis of her generation, including former Premier David Ben-Gurion, Mrs. Meir was born in Russia. At the age of eight, she emigrated from Pinsk to Milwaukee. She can still recall the early days in Russia, when her family regularly boarded up the windows as protection against gangs bent on pogroms against the Jews. On one occasion, while she was playing in the streets with

other Jewish children, cossacks spurred their horses to jump over the heads of the children. "If there is any logical explanation for the direction that my life has taken," she said many years later, "it is the desire and determination to save Jewish children from a similar scene and from a similar experience."

In Milwaukee, Golda grew into a fair-skinned girl with chestnut braids, deep-gray eyes and a lively intelligence. At 14, she left home to live with a sister in Denver. There she met a politically enthusiastic group of Jewish students and an introspective sign painter named Morris Myerson. Zionists became her closest friends, Myerson her fiancé. She was teaching in a Yiddish school when she was introduced to Ben-Gurion, then 30, who was touring the U.S. in behalf of Zionism. After the meeting, Golda joined the Labor Zionist movement. She and Myerson were married in 1917, and in 1921 she persuaded him to sail to Palestine with her as a member of the third *aliyah*, or wave of immigration. In the British mandate, they joined the kibbutz Merhavia, ten miles south of Nazareth, where she became an almond picker. Malaria was common. So was sniping from Arab villages.

No Hurry

Golda later moved to Jerusalem and tried to concentrate on raising her son Menachem and her daughter Sara. Unhappy in a purely domestic role, she went back to work as secretary of the Women's Labor Council. As the Jews pressed toward independence, Golda's apartment became a planning center for illegal immigration. Golda was sent to the U.S. to raise money for weapons. In less than three months she collected \$50 million, and Ben-Gurion referred to her as "the Jewish woman who got the money that made the state possible." On the eve of Israel's nationhood, she went to Amman to see Jordan's King Abdullah. Dressed as an Arab woman, she secretly crossed the Arab lines. Abdullah asked her to delay proclaiming the state. She replied: "We have been waiting for 2,000 years. Is that hurrying?"

The Myersons were separated by 1945; he returned to the U.S., then moved back to Tel Aviv, where he died in 1951. When Ben-Gurion requested that his Cabinet members all take Hebrew names, Foreign Minister Golda Myerson chose Meir, which means "illuminates."

Mrs. Meir has served in many posts, from Israel's Minister in Moscow to Minister of Labor. She became best known as Ben-Gurion's Foreign Minister, supporting his philosophy of strong retaliation against Arab attacks with such ferocity that he called her "the only man in my Cabinet." One episode still ranks: in 1957, after Israel's sweep through the Sinai, she had to rise in the United Nations and announce that Israel would withdraw, as the great powers had demanded.

Deciding that "I want to be able to

live without a crowded calendar," Mrs. Meir in 1966 gave up all assignments except the post of secretary-general of the Mapai, the Israeli labor party. She managed to spend more time with Daughter Sara and her family in the peach, pear and gladiolus-growing kibbutz of Rivivim near Beersheba, where the kibbutzniks recently presented their Premier with a two-room apartment. Son Menachem is a cellist who has studied with Pablo Casals and is now completing his studies at the University of Connecticut.

Crowded Calendar

The rural idyll ended last February when Levi Eshkol died. Mrs. Meir had kept close watch on party politics as secretary-general. "All government decisions," went one joke, "are cooked in Golda's kitchen." Mrs. Meir agreed to become Premier, but younger members of the party questioned her age. "Sev-



DEPUTY PREMIER ALLON

No longer quite such an underdog.

enty is not a sin," said Golda flatly. As Premier, Golda happily went back to crowded calendars and 14-hour days. She runs her Cabinet like a front-line officer, thumping the table for order and making blunt and rapid decisions. "She listens to everyone," says an aide, "but she interrupts if they ramble. She has an open mind, but it's like arguing before a judge. When she makes a decision, it's made." A chain smoker who goes through nearly three packs of cigarettes a day, the Premier hides them when she greets a visitor or appears on television. "I don't want to have a bad influence on the young," she explains, "but there's no point in my giving up cigarettes now. I won't die young."

Golda Meir represents a pious, earnest generation that has begun to disappear in Israel. In its place are the fast-living *sabras* (born in Israel) with whom the older generation is frequently out of touch. Visiting England several years ago, Mrs. Meir was asked by newsmen why the Beatles had been refused

permission to visit Israel. Who, she demanded, are the Beatles? After she had watched the quartet perform on television, she turned incredulously to an assistant. "How could they imagine," she asked, "that the government of Israel would give permission to these people to come in and give us culture?"

Mrs. Meir is in good health and plans to serve the four-year term to which she is almost certain to be elected. Nevertheless she is grooming Deputy Premier Allon, 50, a loyal, Oxford-educated party man, as her successor. Dayan, 54, will undoubtedly fight for the job too, but Mrs. Meir considers him a maverick unsuited for the post. To broaden Allon's experience, Mrs. Meir is thinking of making him Foreign Minister, a job now held by the mellifluous Abba Eban. In turn, Eban, 54, would become Information Minister, charged with improving Israel's image.

That image has grown a bit tarnished of late. Before the Six-Day War, Israel was seen as a valiant underdog surrounded by hostile giants. Its victory in that war was widely cheered, but as the border conflict ground on, the feeling began to develop that Israel was being a little too tough in its retaliation, a little too intransigent in its refusal to yield any of the occupied territories without an overall settlement. To avenge an El Al passenger's murder by terrorists in Athens, Israel destroyed 13 aircraft in Beirut. It has annexed all of Jerusalem. For the first time since the Biblical epoch, Jews have become military occupiers of other people's land (see box, page 30).

Fruitless Efforts

In the wake of last week's raid, Washington fired off stiff notes to Cairo and Jerusalem, urging more restraint along the canal. But some U.S. officials were plainly more annoyed with Israel for having launched the attack than with Egypt for having goaded its enemies. A State Department official grumbled, "When is Israel going to learn that it cannot shoot its way to peace?" Other officials were irritated by the Israelis' conviction that the only way to persuade the Arabs to end their border provocations was to hit them hard and often. The U.S. maintains that escalation by one side merely causes escalation by the other side; the Israelis retort by asking whether they are expected to turn the other cheek to guerrillas and artillery. The U.S. points out that security for Israel cannot be achieved simply by holding onto territory; the Israelis retort that before the Six-Day War they were naked to attack by Syrian gunners from the Golan Heights, by guerrillas from the West Bank, and by Egyptian tanks in Sinai.

In such arguments, one curious factor works against the Jews. Everyone more or less expects the Arabs to be "fanatics," so that any real or apparent concession is welcomed with wonder and relief; but the Jews are expected to be

more reasonable, so that any intransigence on their part is regarded with special impatience. Moreover, Israel is a Western, industrial power and its precise and powerful strikes against guerrilla forces—no matter how much modern equipment the Arab nations have received from Russia—somehow make the struggle seem unequal.

Washington is also annoyed with Israel for waging a vigorous campaign against the U.S.-Russian talks aimed at achieving a proposal for a settlement. As it happens, the talks so far have been totally futile. Next week U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, due in New York for the opening of the U.N. General Assembly, are scheduled to meet to discuss the Middle East. Even if Washington and Moscow were to devise a peace formula, Israel steadfastly refuses to recognize any settlements arranged by outside parties. "Tell Washington that we will never go along with this," Mrs. Meir says. For its part, Israel would like Washington to pressure Moscow to talk the Arabs into meeting Israel across a table. But the Arabs refuse until their territories are returned—and would probably still refuse even if Israel were to comply.

Shopping for Weapons

With the outlook for peace bleak, Mrs. Meir will visit the U.S. next week—at the same time that Nasser will be in Moscow, ostensibly for a medical examination. Her principal reason for coming is to call at the White House with a shopping list of U.S. weapons. Israel's government negotiated almost three years ago for the purchase of 50 Mirage fighters from the French, only to have Charles de Gaulle personally embargo the deal. Initially, it was expected that the new Pompidou government would lift the embargo, but apparently it intends to maintain it.

Deprived of the French jets, Israel worked out a deal to purchase 50 F-4 Phantoms from the U.S. The first of the planes began arriving two weeks ago—much to the anger of the Arabs. Arguing that the only way to preserve peace in the Middle East is to make certain that Israel is stronger than the Arabs, Mrs. Meir plans to ask Nixon for another 25 Phantoms, some A-4 Skyhawks and more Hawk ground-to-air missiles. It may take some time, but the State Department and Pentagon are expected to approve the request.

With or without the additional planes, Israel is certain to step up its anticipatory counterattacks, particularly to relieve the pressure on the so-called Bar-Lev defense line near the Suez Canal. One object of last week's raid, for example, was to provoke Nasser into shifting southward some of the 80,000 men he has along the canal, but he is unlikely to do so. Thus more Israeli attacks can be expected south of Suez. Eventually, the Israelis might also bomb the big industrial center of Helwan, 15

miles south of Cairo, where they could inflict damage to Nasser's economy without hitting population centers. The Israelis do not want to gobble up more Arab land. "Our strategy is not to cross the Suez Canal and head for Cairo," says Dayan. "It calls for holding the Jordan River line, but not for occupying Amman, Damascus or Beirut."

It has been said that while the hapless Arabs cannot win the war, the Israelis cannot win the peace. Political Scientist Samuel Merlin suggests in his *The Search for Peace in the Middle East* that the great weakness of Israel's diplomacy "is that it has no blueprint of its own for peace. It is not that Israel prefers a state of conflict and tension to normal relations with her neighbors. It is that the minds of the Israelis are totally preoccupied with the job at hand: to build the country." That comment is to the point, and disturbing even to the most hawkish of Israeli politicians and generals.

In a renewal of the all-out wars of '48, '56 and '67, there is little doubt that Israel would overwhelm the Arabs; a decade hence victory might not be so certain. For that reason, observers occasionally wonder whether Israel may not be trying to provoke precisely such a full-scale fight. It might be an appealing idea, if the Israelis were convinced that a total rout of the Arab armies would also send Arab governments toppling. But that too might be a questionable achievement. For despite the Israelis' obvious anxiety to get rid of Nasser and the fanatic Baathists in Syria and Iraq, there is no guarantee that those men would not be succeeded by even more militant extremists.

There is no obvious way out of the dilemma. A more flexible policy toward re-admitting the 1,500,000 Palestinian refugees who left since 1948? The Israelis point out that the Palestinians, who are the heart of the guerrilla movements now in existence, would form an enormous fifth column. A more reasonable approach toward restoration of the Sinai, the West Bank and Jerusalem? The Israelis gave the Sinai back to the Egyptians in 1957, and Nasser promptly filled it with armor. A decision to ignore the guerrilla pinpricks? That might only inspire the Arabs to greater boldness and more attacks. And yet can Israel really settle down to years and decades of continuous conflict? And on which side will such a long, drawn-out conflict be harder in the long run?

Not quite at war but not quite at peace, the little nation endures—even thrives. There is a stunning sense of accomplishment, of determination and

of community—the country is small enough to give its citizens the feeling that they all know one another. The economy is booming and supermarkets overflow with a cornucopia of kibbutz-grown produce and high-quality manufactured goods. Most weekends the beaches are jammed, as are the kibbutz swimming pools. But then there are the reminders: the terrorist bomb blasts and the snipings; the veterans of the first two rounds with the Arabs, now serving as home guards; the veterans of the third round, still drilling regularly with the reserves; and most disturbing of all, the teen-agers whose mothers wonder whether they will become veterans, or casualties of a fourth round.

In Egypt, the wartime aura is no less pervasive in the cities, but almost unnoticeable in rural regions. Even if Israel were to continue mounting raids like last



MRS. MEIR WHEELING GRANDCHILD
Pinsk to Milwaukee to Tel Aviv.

week's, Nasser would not necessarily suffer. He is less susceptible to public pressure than is Golda Meir. Moreover, he has going for him that famous Arab shrug known as *ma'alesh*, which indicates that nothing can be done.

About the only dim hope for peace entertained by Mrs. Meir and other Israeli politicians is that one day the Arabs will change; that Nasser or his successor will be compelled to pay more heed to the real needs of his country than to the blood feud with Israel. Says she: "I don't imagine that tens of millions of people in the Arab countries are prepared to live like this forever, and see their children dead because of lack of food and medical care just for the grandeur of their leaders who want to destroy Israel." Peace may come eventually. But given the nonpacifist way in which the year 5729 went out last week, it is not likely to come during the year 5730, or for many years thereafter.

FUNERAL IN HANOI, FEUD IN PEKING

As echelons of MIGs thundered overhead and cannon boomed out a 21-gun salute, North Viet Nam's Premier Pham Van Dong burst into tears. So did Nguyen Huu Tho, leader of the Viet Cong, as well as many of the 100,000 spectators assembled last week in Hanoi's Ba Dinh (Independence) Square for the funeral of Ho Chi Minh. "It was as if Dong had lost his father," said Jean Sainteny, France's official representative at the ceremonies and a veteran of many years in Indochina. "Suddenly he must have realized that he had to assume all the burdens of all the people of Viet Nam and of the col-

tic, it called on North Viet Nam's Communists to preserve the unity that has marked the party over its 24-year history and expressed hopes that his successors would do their best to reduce the tensions besetting other Communist parties (see following story). As for the war that had occupied his final years, he predicted: "The U.S. imperialists will have to pull out. Our compatriots in the North and in the South will be reunited under the same roof."

During the ceremonies, Le Duan played the leading role. He read a series of oaths (to win the war, for example), and with each, the throngs in

as Kosygin was also on his way home from a visit to Hanoi. On that occasion, Kosygin made it farther than the airport—he was received by Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Almost certainly, they then agreed on the need to increase aid to North Viet Nam, but no progress was evident on the settling of their feud. Since then, the feud has grown to epic proportions. Last March, just after a bitter, bloody Soviet-Chinese clash on the Ussuri River, Kosygin sought to telephone Peking's leaders. As Chinese Defense Minister Lin Biao later told the story, the Chinese replied coldly: "In view of the present relations between China and the Soviet Union, it is unsuitable to communicate by telephone. If the Soviet government



HO CHI MINH LIES IN STATE IN HANOI

Response to the posthumous plea—but each for his own reasons.

legiate leadership, without the advice of Ho."

Some 34 foreign delegations had arrived in the North Vietnamese capital for the occasion, including an unofficial group of Americans led by U.S. Communist Party Leader Gus Hall. Delegates had laid wreaths at the foot of Ho's bier. The three men who are expected to wield his powers, at least for a while—Dong, Party Secretary Le Duan and National Assembly Chairman Truong Chinh—stood watch for a time, as did other leading officials.

Simple Sandals. Ho's body, inside a glass coffin, was clad in a khaki tunic. At his feet was another glass box, containing the rubber sandals fashioned from used tires that symbolized his ascetic style. Behind the coffin were black-fringed national and party flags. "Hanoi mourns," reported North Viet Nam's news agency, "with its theaters, cinemas and other recreation places closed or vacant. No songs, no laughter."

Ho's last testament was in keeping with his personal brand of austerity. Written in a succinct style that U.S. analysts immediately pronounced authen-

Ba Dinh Square raised their arms and roared: "We swear it!" Duan also read Ho's will and delivered the funeral oration as well. Despite his prominent role, however, analysts agree that he will share power with Dong and Chinh for the foreseeable future.

Cool Confrontation

In death, Ho Chi Minh last week achieved what had begun to look like an impossible feat. He brought Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin and Communist Chinese Premier Chou En-lai together for perhaps as much as 44 hours of talks. In his final testament, Ho described how "deeply I am grieved at the dissensions that are dividing the fraternal parties." Few parties have been less fraternal lately than the Chinese and the Russian, yet both, for their own reasons, responded to Ho's plea for unity. Though the conference at Peking Airport appeared to leave intact the deep ideological chasm between the two, the mere fact that the meeting took place was intriguing.

The last high-level Sino-Soviet confrontation was held in February 1965,



KOSYGIN & CHINESE DELEGATE AT FUNERAL

has anything to say, it is asked to put it forward officially through diplomatic channels." Despite the snub, Moscow persisted—and again was turned down. Finally, this summer, the Soviets and the Chinese managed to hold low-level talks on border river navigation, and the stage seemed to have been set for more significant border talks. Then a new clash broke out along the Sinkiang-Kazakhstan border, and in the past month, Peking and Moscow have exchanged serious charges. Peking accused the Russians of causing an astounding 429 border incidents in June and July alone. Moscow countered last week by charging China with 488 frontier violations between June and mid-August, and warned that further encroachments "will be most resolutely rebuffed."

Only Ho's death, and the opportunity it offered the Chinese to strengthen their position in North Viet Nam, seem to have brought Peking to the point of agreeing to a new meeting. Certainly, the Chinese could not have snubbed Ho's posthumous plea for an end to comradely hostility without offending Hanoi. Rumanian Premier Ion Gheorghe Mau-



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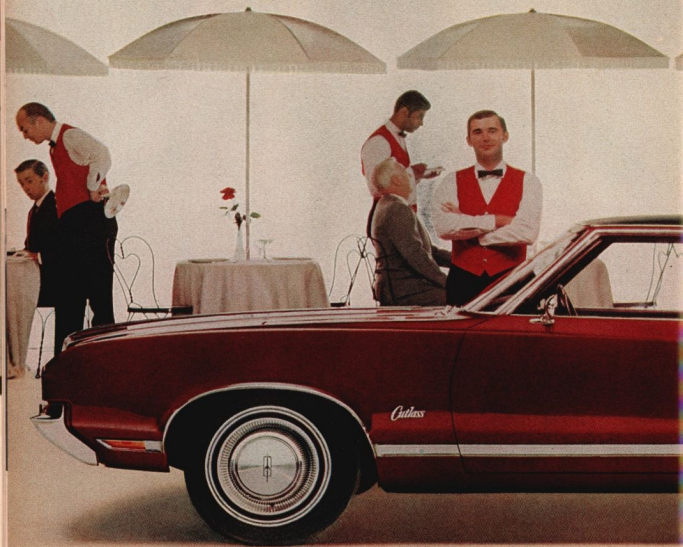
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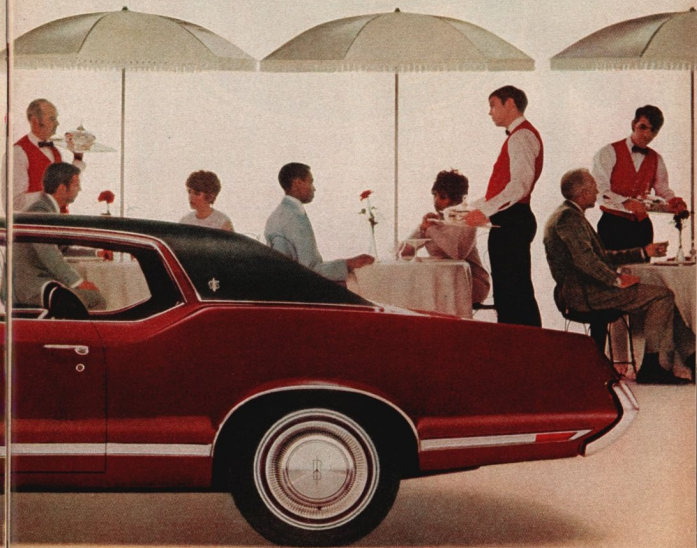
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However, they are a bit more patient about it than the rest.

rer, who stopped off in Peking en route home to Bucharest after Ho's funeral, appealed for Sino-Soviet talks. Moreover, the Chinese had stumbled badly in their handling of North Viet Nam over the past several days. Chou had flown to Hanoi before Ho's funeral, then left with almost indecent haste in the face of Kosygin's arrival. Neither Chairman Mao nor No. 2 Man Lin bothered to show up to register condolences with North Viet Nam's embassy in Peking; China watchers suggested that Mao and Lin, who have not been seen in public for nearly four months, may be gravely ill.

Almost certainly the initiative for the meeting came from Moscow. Japanese Communist Party Chairman Sanzo Nosaka said that Kosygin used his North Vietnamese hosts as go-betweens to let the Chinese know that he wanted to stop off in Peking. According to Nosaka, Kosygin made his request as soon as he reached Hanoi, but Peking had not bothered to reply by the time he departed five days later. Kosygin flew to Calcutta and was en route to Dushanbe in Soviet Central Asia when the Chinese leaders finally approved the meeting. Though Kosygin's long detour was interpreted as a loss of face for the Russians, Moscow should ultimately profit from having demonstrated its willingness to forsake protocol in the interests of peace.

Frank Talks. Whether the talks did anything to further the cause of peace, however, is questionable. Both sides later described them as "frank," which suggests that they were probably brusque and unprofitable. According to diplomats in Moscow, Kosygin intended to establish a basis for possible later actions against China in the event that Peking proves intransigent in the future, and to warn Peking that the Soviet Union would tolerate no further border violations.

The border remains touchy. Soviet armed strength in Asia is estimated at up to 1,500,000 men. Countering this force along the border are more than 40 Chinese divisions, totalling about 300,000 men. Over the past several months, the Chinese have become increasingly worried by reports in Western newspapers hinting that Moscow is considering a preventive strike against Peking's atomic-weapons plant at Lanchow and the nuclear testing grounds at Lop Nor, although Kosygin has dismissed such stories as "total nonsense." According to an Indian Foreign Ministry report, China now has begun moving its Lop Nor facilities south to Tibet—farther from the Soviet border.

There is certainly nothing nonsensical, however, about speculation of further trouble to come between the Communist powers. "Their positions are so far apart," Javier Malo, Albania's ambassador to Paris, noted gloomily last week, "that one cannot dare to hope for a reconciliation." Perhaps the most that can be hoped for is that they will manage to avoid all-out war.

AUSTRALIA

Ankles Awake

It was a splendid day for the seventh annual Henley-on-Todd Regatta, high point of the year for the outback town of Alice Springs, Australia. In broiling sunshine, yachts representing Australia and the U.S. fought it out for the Australia's Cup, while sun-bronzed Aussie and Yank oarsmen strained for the rowing championship. Children fished happily while lifeguards on surfboards kept an eye out for bikini girls in distress. But as any Aussie will tell you, this was no run-of-the-millstream regatta. Consider:

► The youngsters "fished" by digging in the sandy riverbed for wooden fish that were redeemable for prizes.

► The surfboards rolled along on rails. Lifeguards, reeled out by teamates,



AUSSIE "YACHTSMEN" IN ALICE SPRINGS
Bit of fun and a lot of thirst.

"saved" attractive girls, then were reeled back.

► The yachts and the racing shells, all with their bottoms cut out, were powered by eight pairs of hairy legs protruding from the hulls.

The oddest thing about the event was that Alice Springs is 1,000 miles from the sea, and the Todd, which has flowed only five times in the past ten years, was dry as a bone. Henley-on-Todd is the Aussies' put-down of England's very proper Henley-on-Thames Regatta. Fun it may be, but it also involves work: slogging through the sand of the riverbed is exhausting.

There is some ground for believing that the event is dedicated primarily to working up an even larger thirst than is usual Down Under. Last week's turnout of 4,500—half of them children—downed 3,360 pint bottles of beer, most of it sold from a bar sited in the center of the otherwise dry river.

BRITAIN

Labor v. Labor

Pecked at by unfavorable opinion polls, the opposition Tories and even the once faithful unions, Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson has had nothing to crow about for a long time. Last week Chancellor of the Exchequer Roy Jenkins gave him something. Reporting on the balance of payments for the first half of the year, he announced that for the first time since 1962 Britain's income had exceeded the outgo. Said Jenkins, who scarcely seemed able to believe it himself: "We have been paying our way."

The figures do not mean that Britain's economic crisis is over. Most of the modest \$115 million surplus came from tourism and other "invisible" earnings; high costs and low productivity still result in an excess of imports over exports. Even so, the first tentative signs of success for his tough economic policy gave Wilson some sorely needed leverage to use against the Tories—and against the Labor Party's often uncooperative allies in the labor movement.

Mutual Feeling. The Labor Party normally marches alongside Britain's unions. The unions invented the party, and through the years they have bankrolled it, supported it at the polls and provided many of its leaders. Of course, there is always some strain when the party is in power and must place national responsibilities ahead of union interests. Since Wilson formed his government in 1964, Labor and labor have been at arm's length—if not sword's point. While the unions harped on the issues of workmen's pay and pride, the party was attempting to defend the pound and rescue a faltering economy, among other ways by keeping wages in line. As a result, Labor has begun to regard labor as an occasionally dangerous liability. The feeling is mutual.

The split was painfully evident two weeks ago when Wilson turned up at the annual meeting in Portsmouth of the Trades Union Congress, which represents 155 unions and 8,875,381 workers. Sullen delegates voted a resolution condemning Wilson's plan to extend his vigorous wage-restraint law indefinitely. Then Wilson delivered a tough warning ("Every penny must be earned") that may have appealed to his nationwide TV audience but only enraged the union chiefs. "Well, the writing's on the wall, now," said T.U.C. Delegate Cyril Philips. "The Tories will go back into power next time because a lot of disillusioned people will abstain from voting."

Though the hostility between government and unions began to grow almost from the moment Wilson took office, there was no head-on clash until this spring, when Wilson vowed to end a damaging rash of wildcat strikes by imposing stiff fines on offending workers and unions. In June, Wilson was forced to back down under fierce opposition both within his party and among the

unions. The showdown came when Victor Feather, the T.U.C.'s earthy new chief (see box), warned that labor might just let Labor go it alone at the polls next time. Wilson is expected to call an election in the fall of 1970, or in any case before the April 1971 deadline.

In exchange for Wilson's agreement to drop the proposed penalties, Feather gave his "solemn pledge" that the unions would do something themselves about the stoppages. Such strikes account for 95% of all work stoppages in Britain, and last year cost the country 4,500,000 man-days. Whether Feather will be able to redeem his pledge is uncertain. In August, 1,300 blast-furnacemen at a steel plant in Port Talbot, Wales, ignored his efforts to end a three-week walkout that hammered steel output to a 17-month low.

Nation of Stewards. Feather's problem is that, as far as labor goes, Britain has always been a nation of shop stewards. The rank and file flout their national leaders, who generally pay little attention to "the blue-collar blokes." Moreover, the T.U.C. is a loose conglomeration of strong individual unions. Since June, Feather has been jawboning his union chiefs on the virtues of labor

discipline on the shop floor. His main argument: if the T.U.C.'s voluntary approach fails, Labor will be defeated at the polls, leaving the unions at the not-so-tender mercies of the Tories.

Feather is also moving to trim the power of the miners, steelworkers and other old-industry unions. He wants to cut strikes and industrial unrest by 40% over the next year, but the government, businessmen and the public appear doubtful that he can succeed. If Feather fails, Wilson could be hurt. The latest Gallup polls show that only 25% of the electorate think that the Labor Party can halt the stoppages; 31% think that the Conservatives would do a better job.

With some luck, Wilson may be able to buy back public confidence before he faces the voters again. The price may well be continued antagonism of the unions. But just as U.S. unions have a way of quarreling with the Democratic Party and then supporting it at the polls, British labor may well close ranks. "When it comes to the crunch," said a T.U.C. official, "we'll all stand together." Even if that forecast is correct, there is no indication where the rest of the country will stand.

SAN MARINO

The Shuttle Vote

As the 13,314 voters trooped up the cobblestoned streets of little San Marino and into the polling places, there were some who seemed obviously out of place. Amidst the somberly dressed mountain folk of the world's oldest (founded A.D. 301) and tiniest (24 sq. mi.) republic were a number of men in aloha shirts and women with bouffant hairdos, looking like so many American tourists who had wandered into the wrong queue.

The visitors were, in fact, American tourists—San Marinense émigrés who had left the tiny republic in the Apennines of northern Italy years ago to settle in New York, Detroit and Sandusky, Ohio. But they were in the right queue. With their families, 450 San Marinense had enthusiastically boarded jets holding tickets paid for by the republic's Christian Democratic Party. Their mission was to help the Christian Democrats, leaders of the coalition that has ruled the country since 1957, stave off a ballot-box challenge by San Marino's Communist Party.

Left-Wing Advantage. There was nothing illegal about it. San Marino allowed its émigrés to come back to vote long before the right was codified in its constitution in 1600. Nowadays that provision favors left-wing parties, which are able to bus in working-class San Marinense living in Italy, France and Germany. The Christian Democrats reduced this advantage in 1958 by enacting a law permitting émigrés living in the U.S. to vote by mail; that measure ensured the support of the many San Marinense who had grown relatively prosperous—and thus relatively conservative—on American soil.* Three years ago, however, a Communist coalition managed to repeal the law. With the opposition stripped of its U.S. mail-order vote, the Communists were hopeful of regaining the power they had enjoyed for twelve years after World War II.

The gambit failed. For one thing, the Christian Democrats were able to cut the leftist vote by warning that the Communists would turn the proud republic into "a Czechoslovakia." Even the importation of some 4,000 mostly leftist émigrés by bus, train and taxi could not salvage the Communists' hopes. For another thing, there were those 450 safe votes flown in from the U.S., which helped the ruling coalition to hang on to all but one of the 39 seats that it was defending in the 60-man council. If the well-heeled Christian Democrats thought the airlift worth the \$64,000 or more that it cost the party, so did the shuttle voters. Said Secondo Moretti, a Detroit bricklayer: "I'd travel twice as far as this to vote as long as they pay for it."

* The Supreme Court in 1967 upheld the U.S. citizen's right to vote in another country's election without jeopardizing his citizenship.

Ruling a Kingless Kingdom

AS Britain's top labor leader, Victor Feather must try to hold sway over 155 fiercely independent unions that often prefer to behave, as one union boss put it, like "baronies in a kingless kingdom." At Portsmouth, where Feather was elected to a four-year term as head of the Trades Union Congress last month, the barons were flexing their muscles. "The problem is not that we have too many strikes," cried one official, "but that we don't have enough."

If a revolution from the top is what it will take to tame the unions, Victor Grayson Hardie Feather may be just the man to bring it off. He has the name,* and the background. The son of a sometime furniture polisher and full-time pacifist, Feather was born in the milling town of Bradford and went to work filling flour sacks at 14. He worked nights on a local Socialist paper, where he used to talk politics with the publisher's daughter, who is now Minister of Employment and Productivity, Barbara Castle. At 29,

choosing unionism "because I wanted to get rid of poverty," Feather started off with the T.U.C. as a local organizer. He is still well known among the rank and file, and he is not at all reluctant to personally wade into trouble on the shop floor. Nor is he shy about lapsing occasionally into the Yorkshire-accented billingsgate that he has perfected over the years in leading T.U.C.'s toughest negotiations—including British Ford's acceptance of unions at Dagenham during World War II. At 61, he lives with his wife in the same small semi-detached villa near London Airport he has had for more than



FEATHER AT CRICKET

* A roll call of British labor pioneers: Victor Grayson became Britain's first independently elected Labor Member of Parliament in 1908. Keir Hardie founded the Independent Labor Party in 1893.

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LATIN AMERICA

The Urban Guerrilla

I suggested to them that there were other ways of accomplishing political objectives besides violence. They did not agree with me, and they said that, in fact, any other form of political action in this country would be doomed to failure.

—U.S. Ambassador to Brazil,
C. Burke Elbrick

Guerrilla warfare has plagued the hinterlands of Latin America for more than a decade. But the Brazilian kidnapers who seized Ambassador Elbrick two weeks ago and held him captive for 77 hours represent a relatively recent, and rapidly spreading, phenomenon—organized urban guerrilla warfare. Kidnapings, bombings and bank robberies in the great cities of the continent seem to be overshadowing the tactics devised by Mao Tse-tung, Vo Nguyen Giap and Ernesto Che Guevara—all of whom hold that the proper arena for armed revolutionary struggle is the countryside. With the exception of Fidel Castro's Cuba, that kind of warfare has not been notably successful in Latin America. Venezuela fought off a bloody Communist challenge in the mid-'60s partly because rural folk often betrayed the guerrillas. Guevara himself was killed by government troops in 1967, when the Bolivian peasants he sought to stir up gave no support to his cause.

Filling War Chests. Now the guerrillas seem to be turning from bush to big city. Violence in the streets is nothing new to Brazil, Argentina, Bolivia, Colombia and Uruguay, but all are now feeling the sting of an accelerated and often well-coordinated urban terrorist campaign. The action groups appear to be locally directed, far-leftist, to be sure, but not necessarily Communist. In fact, Moscow, pursuing its objectives in Latin America with trade and aid, often finds the radical terrorists a hindrance. In Brazil, several factions are known to be operating, united only by their desire to overthrow the country's repressive military regime. The scant intelligence available suggests that many of the urban guerrillas are radical, highly nationalistic students between the ages of 20 and 25, convinced of the need for revolution, deeply hostile to their own governments, and to the U.S. as well. Many of them come from the middle class.

The terrorists, often organized into "cells" of three or more operatives, find the teeming cities to be excellent breeding grounds for unrest—and perfect places to hide. What makes urban terrorism particularly attractive to them is the fact that incidents occurring in the cities usually get far more publicity than do those that take place in the countryside—an important factor.

The guerrillas have scored a number of impressive successes. The terrorists who held Elbrick managed in one stroke to embarrass the Brazilian government,

set free 15 political prisoners, and seriously impair Elbrick's effectiveness. Indebted to the military regime for securing his release, the ambassador may find it impossible to function as an independent observer in Brazil.

Urban guerrillas are blamed for a long list of other incidents. Since January, 74 Brazilian banks have been robbed, and the government suspects that at least half of the holdups were carried out to refill guerrilla war chests. Almost daily, bombs explode in São Paulo, the nation's commercial and industrial center. Last year U.S. Army Captain Charles Rodney Chandler was shot and killed in the city by terrorists who

set fire to a General Motors building in Montevideo, causing \$500,000 in damage. Last week they kidnaped a leading Montevideo banker and announced they would not release him until the government capitulated to the wage demands of 8,000 striking bank workers.

Colombian urban terrorists affiliated with the Army of National Liberation pocketed at least \$600,000 in ransom money from kidnappings in August alone. In Bolivia, where 22 dynamite explosions have rocked La Paz and other cities since May, the government last week scored a rare triumph over the guerrillas. Police surprised Guido "Inti" Peredo, the only one of Guevara's lieutenants



SÃO PAULO TV STATION BURNING AFTER TERRORIST ATTACK.
Overshadowing the tactics of Mao, Giap and Che.

claimed that he was a Viet Nam "war criminal." Dissidents have taken over local radio stations on at least two occasions to broadcast antigovernment propaganda. They also burned three São Paulo television stations in one week last month.

The Last Lieutenant. Argentina, also run by a military-dominated government, has been under a state of siege for nearly three months. Terrorists there began attacking military installations in April. Just before Governor Nelson Rockefeller's visit to Buenos Aires on a fact-finding mission for President Nixon last June, they fire-bombed 13 Minimax supermarkets—a chain controlled by Rockefeller family interests. A few days later, four gunmen shot and killed Augusto Vandor, Argentina's leading labor unionist. Uruguay's Tupamaros (TIME, May 16) regularly embarrass the democratic government of President Jorge Pacheco Areco. In June, the Tupamaros

tenants to survive Che's doomed campaign, in a house in La Paz. Inti died in the clash. In Guatemala City, where terrorists last year assassinated U.S. Ambassador John Gordon Mein and two U.S. military attachés, guerrillas recently blew up a television station. Even relatively untroubled Chile saw its first political robbery this month. Chile's Communist Party denounced the terrorists as "gangsters"; they, in turn, accused the Communists of "passivity and betrayal."

Government security forces have found the terrorists elusive and difficult to stop. Brazil's answer to the new phenomenon has been to tighten the screws: last week the government decreed the death penalty for "revolutionary and subversive warfare." The trouble is that the guerrillas often welcome such responses, since their effect may be to create martyrs and focus attention on causes that might otherwise go unnoticed.



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And our new amplifier that

puts out a full 200 watts of EIA rated power so you don't lose any high or low sound levels.

And our air-suspension speakers with wide-angle sound that let you sit almost anywhere in the room and still get the full stereo effect.

And the Garrard SL 95 automatic turntable with Pickering

cartridge for the smoothest sound reproduction you can get.

We put all these good things in because a great stereo should sound a lot better than it looks.

And we think our new stereos look pretty good.

SYLVANIA
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS



The Wildcat Family, for '70: Grand Prix, Bonneville, Executive, Catalina, GTO, LeMans Sport, LeMans, Tempest and Firebird. Pontiac Motor Division



Pontiac's 70's

This is the way it's going to be.

▮ Pontiac does it again. Again.

Take that 1970 Bonneville. Big, bold, stylish. Looking every bit like it owns the next 10 years.

And it just might.

What with the out-of-sight looks and the 360-hp., 455-cube V-8 as standard fare, who's to argue? Especially if he opens a door.

Pontiac's plushiest interior yet. A whole array of new fabrics and designs straight out of the fashion pages. Now, isn't that the way you want luxury to be?

But suppose this is your year to really fly high? Strap yourself into the cockpit of a '70 Grand Prix. Start the engine. (You can order up to a 370-hp. mover.) And prepare for flight. The ride. The handling. The performance. All there. And that's the way driving should be.

Then there's the way fun is going to be. Pontiac's new LeMans Sport. To look at it, you'd think we started from scratch. And you'd be darn near right. (Some of the gaskets and such are hold-overs.) It's new on the outside. New on the inside. And wait'll you drive it. (Especially if you order the 400-cube V-8.)

GTO? Obey! If the sight of it doesn't turn you on, the sound of it will. Order it with the new, low-restriction performance exhaust. And listen. Listen to the standard 400-cube V-8. Or the new 455-cube V-8 with automatic box you can order. Or specify the 400-cube, 370-hp. Ram Air IV. Sweet music. GTO. Now called The Humbler. For obvious reasons.

So if you want to see the way it's going to be, see your Pontiac dealer. There's no other way.

**We take
the fun of driving
seriously.**

Authentic.



Won at International Expositions held throughout the world for over 40 years.

Instead of shocking the single whiskies by dumping them all together at once, we let them rest quietly. Only then do we bring them together. Result? Greater uniformity and more dependable consistency to the blends. That's why Dewar's never varies.

In 1846, John Dewar, 40 years old, went into business for himself as a spirit merchant at 111 High Street, Perth, Scotland

The Scottish city of 40,000 people on the Banks of the River Tay. Nothing much has changed. The castle is still there. And every year from January to December, when the air is chill and pure and the water is cold, the people of Perth make Dewar's "White Label."

Another gold medal won at the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904.

Son Tommy Dewar took a booth at the 1885 Brewer's Show in London, to find new markets for his father's blend. He used a bagpipe to entertain. (The first commercial use of music?)

Sir Thomas Dewar became famous for his terse comments, among them, "Do right and fear no man, don't write and fear no woman."

Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label." Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat. Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

*Dewar's
never
varies.*



The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland

About \$7.25 PER CASE. PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES.

PEOPLE

Novelist **Jacqueline Susann** deftly turned the other cheek on Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show*, disappointing the sleepless millions who awaited her delayed reply to **Truman Capote's** allegation that she looked, among other things, "like a truck driver in drag." As the author of *The Love Machine* went through her chat with Carson, the subject never came up. Just as she was to leave, her host asked innocently: "What do you think of Truman?" "Truman . . . Truman," she considered gravely. "I think history will prove he was one of the best Presidents we've had."

"This is not Lyndon Johnson's school. It's a school named for Lyndon Johnson. No one is going to be whispering in my ear and telling me how to run it." So said former Postmaster General and Ambassador to Poland **John Gronouski**, eager to declare his independence but knowing to whom he owed his appointment as dean of the University of Texas' Lyndon Baines Johnson School of Public Affairs. Delighted with the job, Gronouski said that he hopes Barry Goldwater, "some of Nixon's people" and even old Great Society gadfly William Fulbright will join Johnson in lecturing at the graduate school.

Another male bastion has fallen. After 222 years of masculinity, Princeton College last week opened its portals to 171 coeds enrolled for the fall term. The girls reported a warm reception. Consider, for example, June Fletcher, 18, a statuesque blonde from Elberon, N.J., who was named **Miss Bikini, U.S.A.**,

this summer. A ringer? Not at all, said an admissions official, pointing out that the lovely Tigress was in the top 1% of her high school class and won several public speaking contests. Purred June: "I've met so many boys today, they're all just one big blur."

"You're still one of the youngest fellows around," read the birthday telegram from Arthur Schlesinger Jr., and the ex-Governor justified the historian's compliment with a six-mile ride across the Kansas countryside on his red Morgan horse. At 82, **Alf Landon** is a Topeka squire who keeps in touch with young people by conducting four seminars a year at Kansas State. "I answer all questions on all subjects," boasted



ALF LANDON
Squire riding tall.

Franklin Roosevelt's 1936 opponent, adding that he, for one, is not turned off by the Now Generation.

By definition, Atlantic City's Miss America Pageant leans heavily on traditional values and red, white and blue patriotism. But, in this day of the rebellious young, the Establishment has seldom had a friend so true as Pamela Anne Eldred, **Miss America 1970**. After convincing the judges with a ballet routine and a 34-21-34 figure, the blonde coed from Detroit held forth for the press. The Viet Nam war was right, she reasoned, because otherwise the Government would never have gotten into it. "I feel that the people who were voted into office must have the intelligence to know what to do," said Pamela Anne. Sighed a middle-aged pageant official: "God love you."



MRS. MacARTHUR & STATUE
Hero coming home.

He graduated first in his class in 1903, returned to West Point 16 years later as the military academy's youngest (39) superintendent, and went on to fame in three wars, eventually becoming a five-star General of the Army. Now, five years after his death, West Point has honored **Douglas MacArthur** by erecting an 8-ft. bronze statue to his memory. Still looking sprightly despite her 70 years, **Mrs. MacArthur** took a widow's pleasure in traveling up to the Point for the dedication of the statue, as well as a new, six-story dormitory wing that will be known as MacArthur Barrack.

"I suppose I'll have to stop swearing now," said the lady last month, after President Nixon nominated her as chairman of the Federal Maritime Commission. But old habits die hard, especially for a veteran newspaper hand like **Mrs. Helen Delich Bentley**, 45, for 16 years maritime editor of the Baltimore *Sun*. So there she was last week, still at work pending Senate confirmation, dictating a story over ship-to-shore radio from the mammoth ice-breaking tanker S.S. *Manhattan* on its voyage through the Northwest Passage to Alaska. It must have been a salty yarn, too, because a monitoring station in Iowa picked up some unprintable language—which, of course, is against FCC regulations. Upshot of it all: the Humble Oil & Refining Co., the ship's owner, banned all voice transmissions, not only for Mrs. Bentley but for every reporter on the trip. "I just used a common Anglo-Saxon expletive," she was quoted as saying, "to express my impatience with a rewrite man."



MISS BIKINI AT PRINCETON
Tigress burning bright.

EDUCATION

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

UNIVERSITIES

Conclusions About Cornell

The nation will long be haunted by the specter of the armed rebellion on the campus of Cornell University for six days last April. Still fresh are the images of black students seizing Willard Straight Hall for 35 hours and emerging with shotguns and rifles only after the administration had capitulated to their demand for amnesty.

What were the underlying causes of student unrest that brought Cornell to such a time of agony? And how well was the university prepared to deal with the trouble when it finally boiled up? A special investigating committee of eight trustees, headed by Boston Insurance Underwriter William R. Robertson, has been probing these questions all summer. Last week the committee reported its conclusions to the full board of trustees.

Ill Prepared. The trustee committee traced much of the blame for the campus troubles to lax discipline for several years before the crisis occurred. Said the trustees: "Cornell has not only consistently failed to employ disciplinary procedures available to it, but by refusing to employ such procedures has threatened materially the usefulness of these procedures for the future." The committee also blamed poor communication within the university, especially about the program to admit underqualified blacks, for fostering "misunderstanding and resentment" that eventually produced last spring's near-calamitous insurrection.

While condemning the building seizure, the trustees criticized the administration for being ill prepared to cope

with it. The report complained, without mentioning him by name, that President James Perkins failed to demonstrate visible leadership until more than 50 hours after the building had been seized.

Ambiguous Position. What of the administration's decision to grant the amnesty demands while the blacks were still holding the student union? The trustees took an ambiguous position. "Cornell had no bloodshed, no headlines of murder, no substantial property damage, no students hospitalized and in very short order a campus that was returned to relative peace," they conceded. Asserting that nobody will ever know if the administration's surrender was the right way to settle the crisis, the trustees noted that Cornell officials had placed the protection of life above the reputation of the university.

The trustees were anything but ambiguous, though, about how they believe Cornell must respond to campus disorders from now on. "The protection and preservation of order has now become of paramount importance to the university because of the emergence of that minority on campus who seek to replace reason with power," said the report. Should there ever be a repetition of last spring's troubles, they warned, "the university must not negotiate under duress. There must be no amnesty for infractions of the student conduct code."

The hard-line approach advocated by the trustees might have averted some of Cornell's problems last spring. But because the highly rhetorical report fails to recognize and identify some of the underlying causes of student discontent, it may well fall short of its goal of promoting campus tranquility.

A Boost for Bonds

Though the need for new school construction has been growing, it has become increasingly difficult to get school-bond issues past a reluctant electorate.

In many states, the defeat of local school-bond issues is directly attributable to "supermajority" laws that require more than a simple majority of yes votes for approval. Those laws are now under heavy attack. Judge John Hauck, of California's Sutter County Superior Court, has ordered the certification of a \$4.75 million school-bond issue that was approved by only 57% of the voters of Yuba City—even though the state constitution requires a 66% yes vote. The need for approval by any more than a simple majority, he ruled, violates the federal constitutional guarantee of equal protection—the basis of the one-man, one-vote doctrine.

Hauck's action follows similar decisions by courts in Idaho and West Virginia. It provides new hope that the courts will soon strike down the supermajority provisions still in effect in 12 states, making it easier for school districts to approve the bond issues they so desperately need.

TEACHERS

Sensitivity in Pontiac

"An open keg of gunpowder with people smoking around it." That is how the host of a discussion show on a Pontiac, Mich., radio station describes his city. The explosive potential lies in the makeup of the factory town's population of 80,000. Of the total 30,000 are blacks, 4,000 Spanish Americans, 13,500 whites from the South, and the rest local whites. Tension in Pontiac, and in its schools, has been consistently high ever since two men were killed and fire bombs thrown in a spillover of the 1967 riot in nearby Detroit. Last year, at the urging of concerned blacks and whites, the city's school board agreed to appropriate \$25,000 for the first system-wide school "sensitivity" training program in the nation. The purpose: to give whites and minority groups in the schools a better understanding of each other, in the hope of reducing distrust and antagonism.

Shortly before school reopened this month, 1,100 teachers, 80 administrators and 300 parents and students gathered in Pontiac's Northern High School auditorium to participate in a "human-relations institute." For many, the three-day course was a shocking experience. At the opening gathering, Joseph Paige, 38, a bearded black who holds a doctorate in science and who ran the program, set the tone of what was to follow by denouncing "spineless administrators," scornfully calling them "cast-trated" and "niggers."

After splitting into groups of 25, the black and white participants were instructed by their group leaders (who had been given intensive advance train-




MILITANT BLACK STUDENTS DURING CAMPUS INSURRECTION
Lax discipline, poor communication, invisible leadership.



XKE sedan

The Jaguar XKE 2Plus2 is longer and roomier than our two-place coupe. Even has a fully-upholstered rear seat for the kids. Automatic transmission, power steering and air conditioning are optional. XKE sedan? That's about the size of it.

Jaguar 

Now sit anywhere... and you're completely surrounded with perfectly balanced stereo sound

Zenith's new "Circle of Sound"... now with exciting stereo FM radio!

Stereo has never sounded so good! Zenith's unique cylindrical speakers fire sound in all directions to surround you with perfectly balanced stereo sound... no matter where you sit in the room! And now, you can hear exciting stereo FM radio, too... plus standard FM and AM. Solid-state amplifier with 100 watts of peak music power. Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm. See *The Troubador*, Model Z590, at your Zenith dealer's.

ZENITH
The quality goes in
before the name goes on



If he can't read music, he'll be missing something precious the rest of his life: a bit of inner peace that can be summoned up at will. An escape valve for the pressures of our world. A window to a calmer, more enjoyable kind of life.

Music. A magical gift.

And it's a gift you can give your child. The best way, of course, is to let him take piano lessons. Once you play piano, the way is paved to understand all music.

Naturally we hope you will buy a Yamaha instrument. The rich sound and responsive action of the Yamaha puts it in the first rank of the world's great pianos.

But we'd rather you buy another brand of piano than no piano at all.

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Ask your dealer about the Yamaha Music School



can your child read?




ing) to make contact with each other, first by gesture, then by touch. During one of the exercises, in which emotions had to be expressed without speech, pats soon gave way to hugs between men and women and between blacks and whites. Some of the women could not hide their discomfort at their first physical contact with blacks. After one handshake, a black man said to a white woman, "Look—see—none of it rubbed off." One older white man obstinately moved off to a corner and refused to participate, saying, "I wasn't brought up this way."

Tears and Threats. Ghetto language—alien to the genteel mores of the white middle-class teachers—filled the air. Provocative statements worked out in advance were brutally introduced by group leaders in discussion sessions to bring out basic attitudes. One example: "Almost without exception, black teachers are inferior to white teachers." The 70 leaders cajoled and insulted the participants in an effort to push them into understanding, or at least into receptivity. One woman burst into tears under the pressure. Another at first wilted under an explosive attack and then threatened to resign from her teaching job. A few older teachers walked out.

Pontiac's program was developed by school-system officials and citizen volunteers together with Paige, who runs the United States Urbanics Corp., a sensitivity-training firm. The program's announced aim was to increase teachers' and administrators' awareness of the needs, feelings and aspirations of pupils and their parents—particularly black and Spanish-American pupils and parents. There will be five more follow-up sessions, each three hours long, during the school year, to keep this awareness at a high level.

Appraisals of the program's success are as varied as the emotions it stirred up. Says James Hawkins, principal of an elementary school: "It did some good if it did nothing more than develop some awareness." Sonya Friedman, a clinical psychologist who served as a group leader, notes that some younger teachers "showed signs of coming around," but that older ones had difficulty changing their ways. She also complains that the give and take was all one way: blacks lashing out at whites, and whites taking it. "There was no cry the whites could make that the blacks could hear," she says.

School Superintendent Dana Whitmer believes it is too early to appraise the results. "It will depend on whether there are improvements in education," he insists. But last week an early return came in. Some 250 white teachers joined 170 black colleagues in a one-day walk-out to enforce their demand for the appointment of a black assistant superintendent. All of the strikers lost a day's pay and risked losing their jobs. It was the first time the whites and blacks of Pontiac's schools had made common cause over such an issue.

A young child with dark hair, wearing an orange shirt and dark shorts, is sitting on a wide set of stone steps. The child is holding a book and appears to be reading. The steps are made of large, rectangular stone tiles and lead up towards the top of the frame. The background shows a green lawn or grassy area at the top of the steps.

For four generations
we've been making medicines
as if people's lives
depended on them.





Port is a matter of taste, not a time of day.

If you like your wine sturdier and more full-bodied than a dinner wine, Taylor Port is your drink.

So why limit your enjoyment to half an hour or so after dinner?

Discover the taste of port after a cold swim. Port-on-the-rocks as a cooler after a game of golf. Port in the company of afternoon snacks or all

by itself with good company.

Taylor's anytime ports are simply called Port (ruby red and full-bodied) and Tawny Port (lighter, drier to the taste). We blend our mellowest wines of various years so you can be sure the quality is the same, bottle after bottle.

Enjoy them with dessert. Or anytime. It's all a matter of taste. Yours. And ours.



We
uncomplicate
wine.

THE TAYLOR WINE COMPANY, INC., HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

THE PRESS

MUCKRAKING

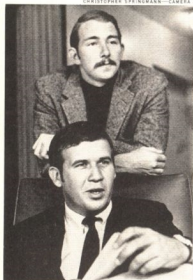
The Mayor v. the Magazine

For reasons that seem to be rooted in the public mood, muckraking is a cyclic form of journalism. If a society is troubled, it suspects that something is wrong with its system or its leaders; a free press responds by finding out what that something is. Hence the recent exposés of the Mafia, Senator Dodd, slaughterhouses, Abe Fortas, American automobiles, poverty funds misuse, hot dogs, drug companies, Pentagon spending, Senator Long, Medicare profiteering, Congressman Gallagher. And last week, the charge in *Look* magazine that Joseph L. Alioto, the dynamic and

mer Georgia Football Coach Wally Butts sued the *Saturday Evening Post* for a story saying that he conspired with Alabama Coach Paul ("Bear") Bryant to fix a Georgia-Alabama football game." Alioto demanded \$7,500,000 in actual damages and \$5,000,000 in punitive damages, arguing that "the editorial management of *Look* met and agreed, in order to increase circulation, advertising revenues and profits, to adopt a reckless policy of sensationalism."

Easily Used. The freelancers who wrote the story, Richard Carlson, 28, a reporter for San Francisco's KGO-TV, and Lance Brisson, 26, former staff writer for the *Los Angeles Times*, were described in the suit as "relatively young

room. Libel suits, and the threat of libel suits, are an embarrassed public official's reflex response to exposure. Yet few suits ever reach the trial stage, particularly in the light of recent Supreme Court decisions involving libel of public figures. To win, Alioto must prove malicious intent or utter carelessness in checking on the part of *Look*, Carlson and Brisson. Butts won his case because the *Post* made virtually no effort to check the story. *Look*, however, released a statement saying that many man-hours were spent checking and re-checking the piece. While some foresaw Alioto's political doom, others predicted his victory in court and a huge sympathy vote if he runs against Ronald Reagan for Governor in 1970. The only certainty in the affair, wrote Columnist Herb Caen, is that "*Look's* Annual All-American City Award will not go to San Francisco this year."



CARLSON & BRISSON (STANDING)

As American as Medicare, the Pentagon and hot dogs.



ALIOTO

popular mayor of San Francisco, is involved with the Mafia.

A politician on the rise, Alioto made the nominating speech for Hubert Humphrey in Chicago and was one of the men in the running for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination. Yet, according to *Look*, he is "enmeshed in a web of alliances with at least six leaders of La Cosa Nostra." In that web, Alioto provided mobster friends with "bank loans, legal services, business counsel and opportunities, and the protective mantle of his respectability. In return, he has earned fees, profits, political support and campaign contributions."

Even before the magazine reached the newsstands, Alioto blasted the charges as "a pack of lies" and distributed a 69-page "Analysis of Each and Every allegation in the *Look* article," denying any wrongdoing.

The mayor mounted an offense as well as a defense. Represented by his own law firm, he filed what is potentially the most explosive libel suit against a magazine since 1963, when for-

and essentially inexperienced." This is Carlson's sixth major investigative scoop. One of his first resulted in a prison sentence for a San Francisco official involved in the embezzlement of federal funds. Says Carlson about Alioto: "A politician can be used so easily if he messes around with people like these."

San Francisco's two newspapers felt differently, putting up a strenuous defense of Alioto. *The Chronicle* rejected "this unfortunate piece of journalism as an imputation of guilt by association." *The Examiner* reprinted almost all of the mayor's lengthy denial and bannered an eight-column headline about an event of more than 50 years ago: ALIOTO'S UNCLE DEFIED MAFIA—WAS SLAIN.

Both papers claim that they investigated the charges and found them unwarranted, so refutation or corroboration is likely to come only in the libel trial—if the case ever reaches a court-

* Butts won a verdict of \$3,060,000 which was later reduced in federal court to \$460,000 and accepted by all parties.

NEWSBOOKS

The Schaap Shop

As journalists go, Dick Schaap has gone pretty far. He was city editor of the *New York Herald Tribune* at 29, and became a columnist for that paper less than a year later. He has written five newsbooks on his own, including *Turned On*, *R.F.K.*, *Mickey Mantle*, and now, at 34, appears well on his way to becoming the single most prolific mass producer of new reading matter since Alexandre Dumas put his friends to work preparing plot outlines and sketching scenes—a bit of largesse that prompted a 19th century French journalist to remark: "No one has ever read the whole of Dumas, not even himself."

Schaap had no intention of becoming a latter-day Dumas when he agreed to edit the tape-recorded diary of a professional football player in early 1967. But when that exercise resulted in *Instant Replay: The Green Bay Diary of Jerry Kramer*, breaking sales records for a sports book (over 2,000,000 copies in print), Schaap took to buying his recording tape wholesale and signed up a whole new bibliography of authors.

The first of the new Schaap books off the presses (published last week) is *Jerry Kramer's Farewell to Football*, a sort of Son-of-Instant-Replay that brings Kramer fans up to date on the articulate behemoth's final (1968) season, his biography and his future plans. Next (mid-October) will come *The Year the Mets Lost Last Place*, a 75,000-word treatise put together by Schaap and *Newsweek* Editor Paul D. Zimmerman in six weeks during July and August. It will be followed by *I Can't Wait Until Tomorrow* . . . "Cause I Get Better-Looking Every Day, the Joe Namath biography that Schaap culled from some 50 tape hours of Broadway Joe's reflections.

After the Namath book, the transcriptions are backed up like 707s at J.F.K. The next two, set for late March publication, are diaries of professional Golfer Frank Beard and Detroit Tiger

Bill Freehan, who were chosen, as Schaap puts it, "as much for their ability to articulate as for their ability to play the sport." One would-be football diarist from the Pittsburgh Steelers who wrote to ask for the Kramer treatment was rejected out of hand because he misspelled Pittsburgh. Diaries of Hockey Player Derek Sanderson, Basketballer Dave DeBusschere, Concert Violinist Erick Friedman, a Long Island rabbi, a Marine captain in Viet Nam, an airline pilot and a single career girl are coming along nicely too.

Minute Fact. What was once a lonely confrontation between Schaap and his tape recorders has gradually expanded into a community of scribes and transcribes. In the three-room Manhattan headquarters of the shop he calls

of life, or at least much of life, is absurd, and that each man's preoccupation with what he himself does is even more absurd. Don't be afraid to poke fun at yourself and to poke fun at your particular field." And most important of all, Schaap adds, "BE SURE YOUR TAPE RECORDER IS WORKING PROPERLY."

The Schaap shop turns out books that are not written; they are spliced together. Nor are they really read, in the traditional sense; going through these fragile works is more like listening than reading. Still, *Instant Replay* has many of the elements of good fiction; it offers real tension, arising from the Packers' march to an unprecedented third successive National Football League championship. At his best, Schaap has drawn ingenuous and appealing narratives from people whose stories might otherwise never be told. And by keeping his function as an editor within bounds (no direct rewriting), he has helped to chase the ghost out of ghost-writing.

As for the instant book-making process itself, "it's a great way to learn a new field," says Schaap, "and there's always plenty of material left over for future novels." A final plus comes from the psychic stimulation of having a whole wardrobe of identities at his disposal. "You wake up in the morning," he says, "and ask yourself who will I become today. Will I be Joe Namath and get vicariously drunk? The rabbi and feel saintly? The violinist and feel aesthetic?" What about a diary of his own? "I tried that," he says, "but I'm just not as interesting as my subjects."

NEWSPAPERS

Inside, Outside, In

Greenfield could see on Rosenthal's face the depth of his demoralization, and Greenfield was also overwhelmed with embarrassment.

"Abe," Greenfield said, finally, "do me a favor."

Rosenthal nodded.

"Abe, don't ever ask me to come into this place again."

Rosenthal understood, and Greenfield resigned on the spot.

—*The Kingdom and the Power*

And thus, in the gospel according to Gay Talese, did the New York Times's celebrated "Greenfield Affair" come to an end on Feb. 9, 1968. The Washington bureau had resisted the appointment of Greenfield, an outsider,* as bureau chief. It had won, and its autonomy remained intact.

But lo, last week the outsider appeared anew. Rosenthal announced in a memorandum effective Oct. 1, the Times's new foreign editor would be none other than James L. Greenfield.

* In two ways: as a member of the New York staff, and as a relative newcomer. A former TIME-LIFE correspondent, Greenfield came to the paper in 1967 at the suggestion of his friend Rosenthal.

An ad inspired by our belief that America's police forces are operating under conditions that make effective operation near impossible . . . conditions brought on by public apathy and public disassociation.

We believe this problem exists because a major part of the public no longer regards a policeman as a fellowman, but rather, as a machine in blue.

And we felt that if something could be done to get people to see policemen as people, the country would have a start on solving this pressing problem.

Thus . . . "frustrating" came to be.

Our thanks to the San Jose Police Department, to Officer George Ozuna, to photographer Marv Kawamoto, and to TIME.

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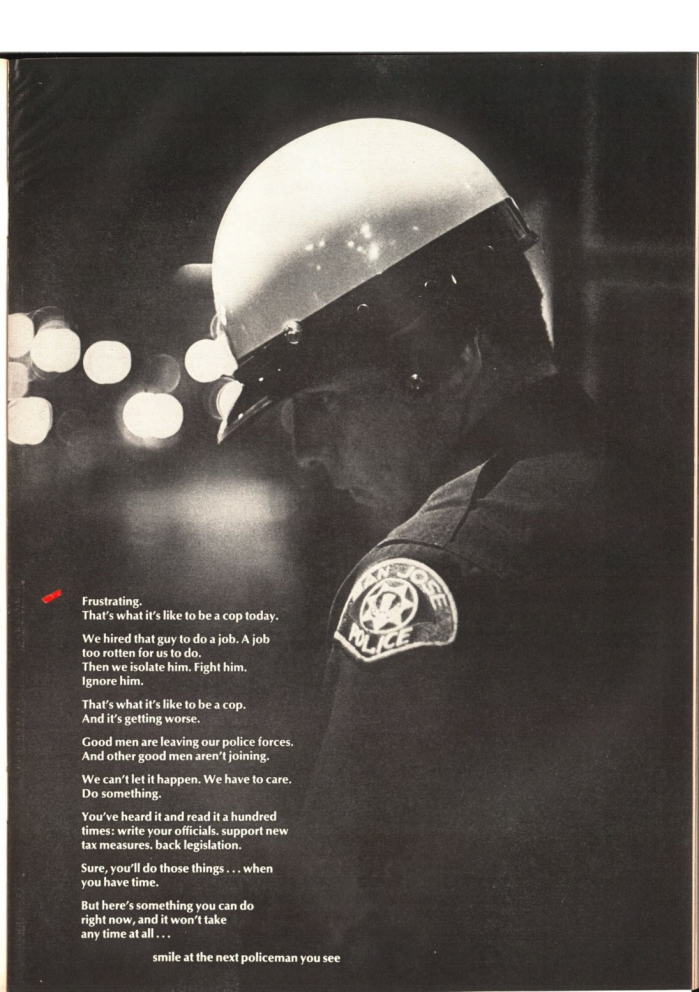
SCHAAP

Including a manual on immortality.

Maddick* Manuscripts, the tape machines whir and the typewriters maintain a near-constant staccato. Some of the diaries now in the early stages have been subcontracted to friends like LIFE's Steve Gelman and Harper's Magazine Editor Willie Morris, allowing Schaap more time to juggle phone calls and pursue other projects. For example: a golf and repartee match between Kramer, Beard, DeBusschere and Mets Pitcher Tom Seaver, to be filmed this winter for TV.

So professional has Maddick become that prospective diarists now receive Schaap's "General Guide to Maintaining a Diary for Publication," a five-page instruction manual on achieving literary immortality. Excerpts: "The little detail, the minute fact, creates reality. The more little details the reader is provided with, the more he feels a total sense of reality . . . It can be helpful to go on the assumption that most

* For Madeleine (his wife) and Dick.



Frustrating.
That's what it's like to be a cop today.

We hired that guy to do a job. A job
too rotten for us to do.
Then we isolate him. Fight him.
Ignore him.

That's what it's like to be a cop.
And it's getting worse.

Good men are leaving our police forces.
And other good men aren't joining.

We can't let it happen. We have to care.
Do something.

You've heard it and read it a hundred
times: write your officials, support new
tax measures, back legislation.

Sure, you'll do those things... when
you have time.

But here's something you can do
right now, and it won't take
any time at all...

smile at the next policeman you see

MEDICINE

EMBRYATRICS

New Concern for the Unborn

In one case out of 25, even in advanced Western countries, a baby is born with a physical or chemical defect that may doom him to an early death or a lifetime of illness. Until a few years ago it was assumed that little or nothing could be done about most of these misfortunes. Then, in 1958, the National Foundation-March of Dimes, having conquered polio, turned its attention and resources to the problem of birth defects. Last week in The Hague, at the Foundation's third birth defects conference of the decade, 975 scientists from 35 countries listened to 194 progress reports and some clarion calls for a more massive offensive.

The conference provided fresh evidence of a radical shift in medical emphasis from treatment of adult ills to the health of the child, the infant and even the embryo. But medical researchers do not intend to stop even there. They are also considering the health of the mother at the time of conception, the health of both parents before conception, and even the health of the mother's mother at the time she conceived.

Broad Categories. As honorary president of The Hague meeting, March of Dimes' President Basil O'Connor acclaimed "the beginnings of achievement in a worldwide, concerted effort of science—the first in history—to improve the quality of human life at birth." But he went on to warn: "This means that you must also be prepared to protect the human heritage from a possible proliferation of defective genes. It is humane to save the lives of sick children. It is neither humane nor morally defensible to permit the cause of their illness to be perpetuated if that can be prevented."

The term congenital malformations covers all three broad categories of defects present at birth:

- **Inherited.** Something goes wrong either in one or more of the genes themselves, or in the chromosome packages in which the genes are arranged.
- **Accidental.** At the time of conception or shortly thereafter, cell division goes awry, causing such conditions as abnormal twins.
- **Environmental.** There are unfavorable factors in the embryo's uterine surroundings—some nutritional deficiency in the mother, drugs in her bloodstream crossing the placental barrier, or viruses infecting both mother and fetus.

Mongolism, or Down's syndrome, probably the most common major congenital malformation, occurs once in every 600 births and can be caused by either inherited or environmental factors. Both severe heart defects, next in frequency with an incidence of one in 700, and cleft palate, one in 800, can result from any of the factors.

That geneticists still have much to learn was shown by the disagreement



NADLER & PATIENT

Clarion calls for a massive offensive.

over the importance and effects of an extra Y chromosome in males. Jérôme Lejeune held fast to his controversial contention that this chromosomal aberration is closely associated with criminality. Delinquency, he said, is 20 times as common among men with XYY defects as among those with normal chromosome endowment.

Whether a whole chromosome or a single gene or a group of genes is responsible, genetic defects can affect every part of the human body and the mind. Dr. Victor McKusick of Johns Hopkins, the world's leading expert on dwarfism, supplied a forbidding list: abnormalities of the skeleton, of the innumerable enzyme systems, of the nervous system, of blood cells, both red and white, of clotting mechanisms, of the hormone systems, of the kidneys, of the intestinal tract, and of the muscles. The eyes and ears are also susceptible—there are about 40 varieties of hereditary deafness, said McKusick—and so is the skin.

For the present, the international assembly offered more hope for prevention and improved treatment than cure of birth defects. One preventive technique is amniocentesis—inserting a needle through the pregnant woman's abdomen, into the amniotic sac, and withdrawing fluid for analysis of the cells shed by the embryo. For the apparently normal woman this would never be recommended. But it is a boon for the woman with a history of pregnancy mishaps, or one whose family is known to harbor inheritable defects. At Children's Memorial Hospital in Chicago, Dr. Henry L. Nadler reported, his department has "managed" 150 pregnancies on the basis of such cell studies. In 14 cases, abortion was recommended, and in 13

cases the abortion was carried out. In the 14th, the mother of one mongoloid child said she would rather have another mongol than an abortion—and she did. In the other 136 cases, no abortion was recommended, and all the babies born were normal. This procedure, Nadler emphasized, neither encourages abortions nor increases their incidence. What it does is enable couples capable of transmitting genetic defects who desperately want normal children to have almost the same chance of having them as couples with no such problems.

Risks of Age. More and more defects, especially those resulting from lack of an enzyme, are now being detected. In most cases, the only "remedy" is abortion. But sometimes it may be possible to contain an enzyme deficiency by altering the mother's diet. If the embryo is developing unnaturally because of faulty nutrition, it even may be possible to inject nutrients into the amniotic fluid, which the fetus absorbs.

A factor over which would-be parents have some control, provided they start to exercise it early enough, is the age of the ovum at the time of conception. Rockefeller University's Dr. E. Witschi reported that studies in several animal species show that an old or "stale" egg is especially likely, if fertilized, to result in the birth of a defective baby. In humans, it is known that the risk of having a mongoloid, for instance, increases from one in 2,000 births for a woman at age 25 to one in 50 at age 45. For a woman's ova, unlike her husband's sperm, are not manufactured continuously so that they are always fresh, but are laid down in a sort of pre-egg form while she is still in her mother's womb, or shortly after birth. This explains why the mother's health, at conception and during pregnancy, may be important a generation later. Therefore, West Germany's Dr. Widukind Lenz concluded, "the present trend toward earlier sexual maturity, earlier marriage and earlier reproduction is biologically favorable."

MEDICAL ENGINEERING

Replacing Braille?

Since Louis Braille devised his raised-dot alphabet in 1829, there has been no other practical means for the blind to read. For 17-year-old Candy Linvill, blind since the age of three, Braille's system of dots posed little problem, but she was still confined to those books and publications that are issued in Braille. Now, because of an ingenious new device on loan from her father's laboratory, she is freed from that limitation.

Candy recently read the adventures of Christopher Robin and the *Autobiography of Malcolm X* without the aid of Braille. Similarly, she can read typed letters from friends and current novels or textbooks not yet transcribed into Braille, as well as newspapers and magazines—all previously inaccessible to the blind. The machine, now being

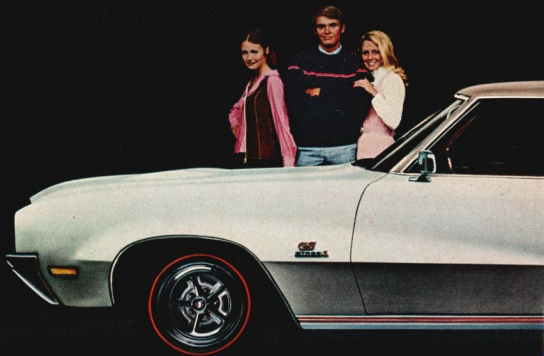


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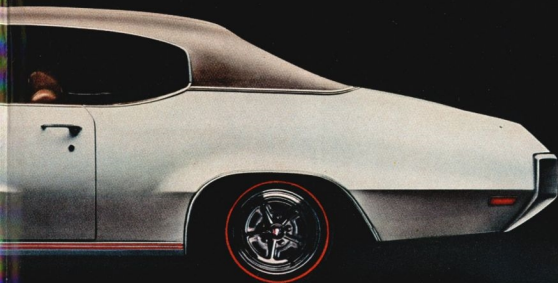
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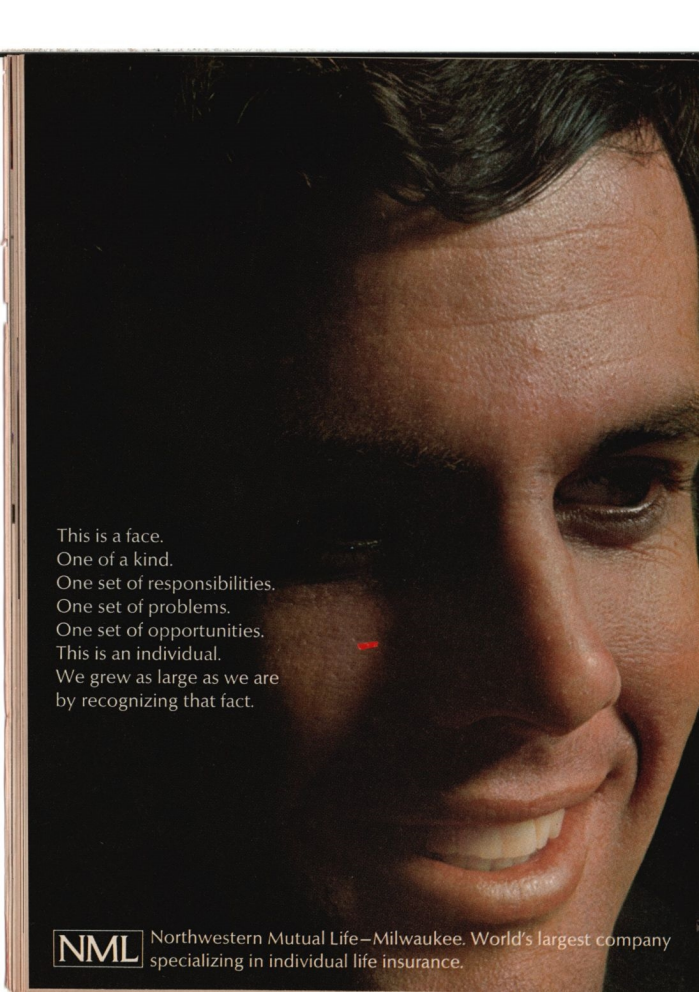
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One set of problems.
One set of opportunities.
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LINVILL & CANDY WITH MACHINE
Christopher Robin in a pinpoint.

perfected by Electrical Engineer John G. Linvill and a team of researchers at Stanford University and Stanford Research Institute, electronically transforms a printed letter into one that can be felt.

Linvill's "Opticon" (for Optical Tactical Converter) reflects an enlarged image of each letter onto a disk of light-sensitive transistors. The transistors, energized by the image, trigger a corresponding group of pins that vibrate in an outline identical to the printed letter. By lightly fingering the pins, the blind person can "see" the letter.

Line Guide. The reader rests one finger on the vibrating alphabet unit, while using his other hand to scan the line of print with a probe that picks up and transmits the image of each letter. Should the probe wander off the printed line, the lack of vibrations on the pin unit tells the reader to readjust.

Linvill's idea for the probe-pin design came from a high-speed computer that printed its answers with electrically charged pins instead of solid typeface. When he found that the blind could be taught to recognize vibrating patterns, he built the first model of his machine. Next, he and two other researchers at Stanford, James D. Meindl and James C. Bliss, made the probe sensitive to the differences in such similar-shaped letters as lower case a, e, and o, and also adjustable for various print sizes. The portable, battery-operated machine was then given to Candy for testing at home.

After two weeks' practice, Candy is reading one word a second, but expects to go as high as her Braille rate of 150 words per minute. Although the initial cost of the device may be thousands of dollars, its developers say, mass production could bring its cost down to that of "an inexpensive TV set."

BASEBALL

The Little Team That Did

For all those flinthearted skeptics and chimney-corner Christians who never really believed that the meek shall inherit the earth, let it be recorded that on Sept. 10, anno Domini 1969, at 8:43 p.m. (EDT), the New York **Mets** (TIME cover, Sept. 5), the court jesters of baseball for seven long, lugubrious years, marched triumphantly past the Chicago Cubs and into first place in the National League's Eastern Division standings. Naturally, in defeating the Montreal Expos 3-2 to achieve that pinnacle, the Mets committed three errors and struck out 16 times.

TENNIS

Concentration on the Court

In tennis, the feat is so unusual that the borrowed term feels unfamiliar on the lips: grand slam. It means successive victories in the Australian, French, Wimbledon and U.S. championships in a single season, and it was first accomplished by Don Budge in 1938. No one could do it again until 1962, when a nimble, lean (5 ft. 9 in., 155 lbs.) left-hander from Australia named Rod Laver swept the four tournaments.

Even then, it was considered a bit of a fluke. Said Promoter Jack Kramer: "When Laver turns pro, he's going to get beaten just like every other amateur champion who turned pro." Sure enough, Laver lost 19 of his first 21 pro matches. Even when he began to win consistently, he played in the shadow of his countryman, Ken Rosewall.

Laver no longer stands in anyone's shadow. In fact, at 31, "the Rocket" (as Laver is persistently called) dominates his game more completely than any other athlete in the world. Laver proved that last week in the quagmire of the West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills, N.Y. Playing his distinctively cool, calculating game, he overwhelmed another Australian, Tony Roche, 7-9, 6-1, 6-2, 6-2, to win the U.S. Open championship and thereby stash an unprecedented second grand slam into his tucker bag. His victory earned him \$16,000 in prize money and brought his winnings for the year to \$106,030. He became the only tennis pro ever to win more than \$100,000 in a single season.

Laver was hardly a shoo-in. Driving rains interrupted play and turned the venerable club's tournament into a slippery game of chance. As Roche advanced toward the finals, Laver's luck looked even less assured. In matches earlier this year, Roche defeated Laver five out of seven times. Roche is seven years younger than Laver and, at 5 ft. 10 in., 175 lbs., considerably stronger.

Psychological Difference. "Concentration" is fast becoming a sports column cliché, but it is the best word the tennis world has found to sum up the

psychological difference between one finely trained, fundamentally expert player and another. Says Pancho Gonzales: "Rod is the most disciplined of them all. What I admire most about him is his determination and concentration. He just wears you down."

Laver did just that in the championship match. Throughout the first set—which was delayed for 1 hr. 35 min. while a helicopter tried to dry out the soggy grass—Laver and Roche gingerly tested each other. They broke each other's serves an astonishing seven times. After the ninth game Rod calmly paused to switch to spiked shoes, fully aware that adjustment to the shift would probably cost him the set. It did. But in the second set Laver settled into a flawless groove. He broke Roche's spirit by consistently parrying his powerful serve, glided swiftly over the court to fire winner after winner past an opponent whose concentration collapsed into a desperate scramble. In just 113 minutes, Laver won his seventeenth tournament and 30th consecutive match of the season.

In the tightly structured society of tennis, which still sniffs slightly at the game's new commercialism, Laver is an unabashed professional. Picking up his \$16,000 check, Laver said, "I'm thrilled to have won another grand slam, but I have to say that the money is the big thing." Said Roche, hopefully: "Maybe all that money will slow him down a little." Hardly. Since Laver still has three years remaining on his five-year, \$450,000 contract with the National Tennis League, it is likely that the king will continue to concentrate on the court for some time to come.

WALTER DODD JR.—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



LAYER AT FOREST HILLS
Something for the tucker bag.

RELIGION

U.S. Evangelicals: Moving Again



KEITH MILLER ADDRESSING DELEGATES AT MINNEAPOLIS CONGRESS

UNTIL the end of the 19th century, evangelistic Christianity nearly always meant a heroic dedication both to spreading the Gospel and to helping one's fellow man. In England, Philanthropist William Wilberforce typified that spirit when, after his conversion, he led the fight for abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire. In the U.S., too, evangelicals were involved in the abolitionist movement and in fights against civic corruption, poverty, prostitution and "demon rum." Only as the 19th century waned did the shock of the newly secular world and a creeping pessimism about man cause evangelical churches to retreat into a kind of isolationism, stressing other-worldly concerns and a preoccupation with individual conversion. Last week in Minneapolis, at the first U.S. Congress on Evangelism, the nation's evangelical churchmen boldly broke out of that shell and challenged their churches to rejoin the battle for social reform.

The 4,600 delegates—from an Anglican archbishop to fervid Pentecostals—had come to Minneapolis expecting something else. The six-day congress had originally been planned as a grass-roots session on evangelism, a follow-up to the more intellectual World Congress on Evangelism held in Berlin

* *Evangelism* is the actual spreading of the "good news" of the Gospel, and an *evangelist* is one who does it. Though in Europe *evangelical* often means simply "Protestant," in the U.S. it more often means a particular kind of Protestant who puts strong emphasis on the central authority of the Bible, is conservative in theology, rejects notions of "new morality," and concentrates on individual salvation through God's grace and man's repentance.

in 1966. But in his welcome, Honorary Chairman Billy Graham promised that the meeting "will affect every religious group in the country in the next decade." Keynote Oswald C. J. Hoffmann (see box) continued the warm-up, warning the delegates: "If the Gospel is demonstrated only vocally and not vitally in the everyday actions of Christ's followers, the whole thing becomes a farce." The next morning Graham's evangelist brother-in-law Leighton Ford roundly chastised the delegates.

Gaping Wounds. "When men of privilege abuse their power and refuse justice," Ford told them, "sooner or later violent upheaval is bound to come. If we do not seek to heal the gaping, rubbed-raw wounds of racial strife, then we shall deserve 'the fire next time.' It is to the shame of the Christian church that we have been so slow to face the demands of the Gospel in the racial revolution. What kind of Gospel are we preaching when a church sends missionaries to convert Africans, but suggests to the Afro-American that he go to church with his own kind?" Ford also attacked evangelical apathy (if not active opposition) toward social action in the U.S. "Christians have a stake in preserving historic truth," he acknowledged, "but since sin infects every man and institution, we need a holy discontent with the *status quo*. The Gospel calls for constant change. We cannot identify our Gospel with the past." On the other hand, warned Ford, the church should not be "the water boy of world revolution." Too many revolutions, he argued, "fail to grasp the heart of the problem, which is the problem of the human heart. They throw

out one set of sinners and put in another."

Going to the Cross. As the week progressed, other speakers reiterated the theme that revolution must start from personal regeneration. Black Evangelist Tom Skinner reminded the delegates that "there are 25 million black people out there waiting," but cautioned them that to end racism "you yourselves must go to the cross in repentance." Senator Mark Hatfield urged a spiritual approach to the search for world peace. "Seeking peace requires witnessing to God's will," said Hatfield, "orienting one's life to the purpose of his peace, influencing the thinking of the public, acting in love towards our neighbors, and proclaiming the power of Christ to remake human life."

The congress itself displayed an edifying sense of community. After overzealous ushers hustled a hippie couple from the auditorium (Graham's life had been threatened by phone and letter), Author Keith Miller stopped his address, noting angrily that "they just threw out the man who looks more like Jesus Christ than any man in the auditorium." The hippies were promptly readmitted, and Billy Graham later met with them and apologized. The participants sat listening earnestly while black delegates patiently presented a list of "recommendations," urging evangelical churches to make special efforts to open schools, better housing and better jobs to blacks. Many even stayed overtime one night to hear a delegation of Chippewa Indians urge evangelical action on behalf of Indians. Ralph Abernathy's invitational appearance at week's end came as something of an anticlimax, though delegates responded warmly to his plea to end "war, racism and poverty."

Verbal Currency. Unlike official church conventions, the congress had no money to vote for reform programs. Nor could it do more than urge evangelical churches and their individual congregations to take more specific action on their own. Yet urging, after all, is the evangelical way, and words, in a

40 Million Evangelical & Conservative Protestants



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very real sense, are the evangelical's currency. To be sure, the words are not new in American Christianity; liberal theologians and mainstream Protestantism as represented in the National Council of Churches spelled out the social implications of Christianity years ago. Still, evangelicals could add a dimension of their own with their special religious fervor and their intense dedication to spiritual goals. If evangelicals will now take the exhortations to heart, the Minneapolis congress may well prove to be a landmark in the history of U.S. Protestantism.

Whatever effect the Minneapolis meeting may have on U.S. evangelicals, their growth in recent years has been extraordinary. Between 1950 and 1968, the population of the U.S. increased by nearly one-third. Five major U.S. Protestant denominations grew faster than the population in those years: the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, the American Lutheran Church, the Southern Baptist Convention, the Churches of Christ and the Episcopal Church. Only the Episcopal Church is a member of the National Council of Churches. The other four have several things in common: they are all outside the N.C.C., all theologically conservative and all evangelical. They account for 19 million of the 27 million evangelical and conservative Protestants outside the National Council of Churches.

Hidden Majority. Moreover, within the National Council of Churches, at least one-third of its 39 million Protestant members, according to modest estimates, still maintain evangelical attitudes, forming strong blocs within their denominations. Add these evangelicals within to the 27 million* outside the N.C.C., and the total is 40 million Protestants with a distinctively traditional view of Christianity—a significant majority among 67 million U.S. Protestants.

The "outside" churches are the pacesetters of this hidden majority. They account for 68% of the Protestant foreign missionaries sent from the U.S. and Canada. They operate the only two interdenominational national campus religious organizations in the U.S.—the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship and the Campus Crusade for Christ. They publish 165 periodicals, including the influential *Christianity Today*. Evangelical publishing houses account for at least half of all religious books sold, not counting the many evangelical titles issued by secular publishers. Evangelicals run almost all of the Protestant parochial schools and have produced such first-rate religion-oriented liberal arts colleges as Illinois' Wheaton College and such increasingly esteemed divinity schools as Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena, California.

* Not every one of the 27 million meets the full definition of "evangelical," since some "outside" denominations include a small number of theological liberals. But they are a tiny minority.

Preachers of an Active Gospel

As evangelicals move away from their recent patterns of spiritual isolationism and back toward involvement in society, leaders who have been advocating this change have become more prominent. Billy Graham, certainly the world's best-known evangelical, has himself been urging a renewed social thrust, but there are even stronger voices. Among the most influential:

Oswald C. J. Hoffmann, 55, chairman of the Congress, is a jowly, Laughton-esque spellbinder who attracts some 30 million listeners to his weekly *Lutheran Hour* radio sermons. A onetime Lutheran pastor and college teacher, Hoffmann was a public relations director for the Missouri Synod Lutherans when he joined the show in 1955. Though Hoffmann can roll out a soul-jarring sermon as if he had been stumping the hill country all his life, he insists that evangelism is not only "proclamation" but social action as well.

Leighton Ford, 38, is the handsome, Canadian-born heir apparent to the Billy Graham empire. He met Graham 20 years ago, and Billy's younger sister Jean shortly thereafter at Wheaton College; they married while Ford was studying to become a Southern Presbyterian minister. Now an associate evangelist with Billy's Crusade, Ford is a shade more polished than Graham, and preaches even more earnestly than his brother-in-law that "a commitment to Christ is a commitment to social reform."

Keith Miller, 42, an Episcopal layman, recently won evangelical attention

accidentally heard a radio gospel broadcast while planning a gang rumble. Skinner thinks evangelical churches must lead the fight for social justice because it "takes regeneration from Jesus Christ to change society."

Myron S. Augsburger, 40, wears the "plain coat" of the Mennonite brotherhood as president of Eastern Men-



AUGSBURGER



FORD

nonite College and Seminary in Virginia. But Augsburger is anything but old-fashioned. He is both a dedicated integrationist and a pacifist who forthrightly insists, "I don't think a just war is possible in this century." A wide-traveling and well-known evangelist, Augsburger is also an intense intellectual who believes that "evangelicalism is both creative and contemporary. It is not tied to any given culture, economic structure or political philosophy."

Mark O. Hatfield, 47, U.S. Senator from Oregon, is one of evangelicalism's most outspoken activists. Republican Hatfield was dean of students at Willamette University when he decided to make his Baptist faith more pertinent to his life. Now he spends much of his free time writing and speaking on the importance of belief. Hatfield denies that evangelicalism can be isolated from social commitment. "You can't see merely the soul of man. There is also the hunger of man, the sickness of man, the indecent, obscene poverty of man."



HOFFMANN



HATFIELD



MILLER



SKINNER

with two religious bestsellers, *A Taste of New Wine* and *A Second Touch*. A highly successful Oklahoma oilman, Miller has left business twice, first to earn a divinity degree at the Quakers' Earlham College, more recently to work on a doctorate in psychological counseling. Though theologically orthodox, Miller advocates interpersonal Christianity, in which, as he sees it, small, informal groups work best to infuse society with a spirit of honesty and love.

Tom Skinner, 27, once had 22 notches on his knife handle for all of the "cuts" he had inflicted on enemies by the time he was a 14-year-old gang leader of the Harlem Lords. Now an ordained minister of the National Baptist Convention, the 215-lb., gravel-voiced preacher traces his vocation to an intense conversion experience—when he



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MUSIC

IMPRESARIOS

The Capitalist of Rock

Bill Graham is a solid, no-nonsense name for a dynamic businessman who in the past four years has made himself a millionaire, acquired a Mercedes, a 29-year-old wife, a baby boy, and offices in both San Francisco and Manhattan. Wolfgang Grajonca, on the other hand, seems a more appropriate title for a temperamental typhoon of promotional creativity, whose obscenity-flavored conversation often builds to a scream, whose business conferences are likely to explode into happenings, and whose office costume usually consists of dirty corduroys and a short-sleeved sweatshirt. That both Bill and Wolfgang inhabit the same skin is one of the more important facts of life on the popular-music scene today. For Graham, né Grajonca, is, at age 38, the No. 1 producer and promoter of the Now Sound—which emanates from his two culture centers, the Fillmore West on San Francisco's Market Street and the Fillmore East on Manhattan's Second Avenue. He also runs a record company (called Fillmore) and a booking agency (called Millard, naturally).

In a world where indolence, inefficiency and fiscal fecklessness are the rule, Graham is a nonpareil. He has grown rich by knowing what is good, and hiring the best talent he can get. He provides his performers with the best equipment and facilities, and expects them to be good. If they are not—even though most of the audience may not know the difference—Graham simply stops booking them, regardless of how well they draw. The result is that Graham's two Fillmores are the places where the top talent wants to be heard—and the rock world grudgingly knows that it needs him.

I'm Not Yelling! The telephone is his fortress, his launching pad, his shepherd's crook. TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud sat in Graham's San Francisco office one recent morning while Impresario Graham stabbed at the multiple buttons that were perpetually lighting up with incoming calls. "WHAT DID YOU SAY?" he yells, his craggy face contorted, his back hunched. "They want to borrow another \$12,000 for musical equipment! Did we supply them with one set already? Yes! Did they insure like I told them to? No! Did they get it stolen? Yes! They've gotta be crazy. You've gotta be crazy! Absolutely not! I'm not yelling, goddammit. I want nothing to do with those psychopathic parasites."

Without hanging up, he punches another button and listens: an associate wants instructions on whether to bid on an auditorium to replace the Fillmore West, which will be torn down next year to make way for a new Howard Johnson motel. "Yeah—put in a bid. Go low at first and see what they

come back with. I want that place if we can get it."

Well he might. Each of his Fillmores is worth \$3,000-\$5,000 net profit to him on a good weekend—a fact that stirs articulate contempt from the unworldly dreamers of the rock scene. "Moneygrubber" is one of the milder epithets they lay on Bill Graham.

Critics, though, tend to forget the many benefits he has staged for various causes, ranging from the People's Park Bail Fund to the Episcopal Church. He has also made numerous interest-free loans to musicians and he gives intense loyalty to those who work for him. "If I have an act I think is good but that hasn't made it yet," he says, "I put it on a bill with the Who or the Jefferson Airplane.

"I wish I'd never changed it," he now says. "Bill Graham is a nothing name."

He was drafted into the Army during the Korean War, court-martialed twice for minor offenses (once for refusing to put on his field pack). He spent eight months at the front and won the Bronze Star. In 1955, after a stint as a New York cab driver, and now with a degree in business administration from the College of the City of New York, he went to work in Southern California as a statistician for the Southern Pacific Company.

This was the first of a series of jobs in industry that he periodically quit to study acting or travel in Europe or try to break into show business. In November 1965, just before he resigned as producer and business manager of the San Francisco Mime Troupe, he staged a benefit party that brought to-



GRAHAM (CENTER) AT THE FAMILY DOG, WAITING TO ADDRESS A STRIKE MEETING
Moneygrubber is one of the milder epithets.

This approach to my business has gotten me a good reputation nationwide, but here in San Francisco the kids say: 'We love the music and we love the Fillmore, but we hate Graham because he's a f---ing capitalist.'"

Beautiful Evening. Capitalist Bill Graham was born in 1931 to Russian parents who had moved to Berlin only a few years before. Two days after his birth, his father was killed in an accident. In order to be free to work, his mother eventually placed Wolfgang and his younger sister in an orphanage. The two were transferred to France on a student-exchange program and then stranded there when World War II broke out. After the Germans invaded, the Grajonca children were rounded up by a Red Cross worker for a march to Marseilles; the girl died of malnutrition on the way, but Wolfgang survived the ordeal and subsequently made it to New York. Raised in a Jewish foster home in The Bronx, Wolfgang Grajonca officially became Bill Graham in 1949.

gether poets, actors, and some of the pioneers of the big new sound called rock. It was a huge success and showed him what he could do. "It was the first time all those people met," says Graham. "Feringhetti, the Fugs, the Jefferson Airplane, Peter Orlovsky. It was the most beautiful evening of theater, the most beautiful party, the most joyful evening ever. *Everyone* was stoned—some on grass, yeah, but others on nothing at all but the scene, man. The musicians played, and the people kissed and hugged, and it was unforgettable."

It was so unforgettable, in fact, that Graham organized two more benefits like it. He chose an old auditorium in the heart of San Francisco's black ghetto. It was called the Fillmore. Then he switched to another site, the present Fillmore West, set up the Fillmore East as the second axis of the rock world, and proved that rock was a business worth administering well.

Graham's success seems remarkably secure. He has even branched out into

ENVIRONMENT

THE AIR

Death in the Skies

Air pollution is not the only health hazard in the skies. The nation's overcrowded airways, already clogged by 2,600 commercial and 120,000 private aircraft, pose a more direct threat to life. Last week a single-engine Piper Cherokee, piloted by a plumber on a solo training flight, lopped off the tail section of an Allegheny Airlines DC-9 as the jetliner headed for a landing at Indianapolis' Weir Cook Airport. Eighty-three persons were killed, including the pilot of the private plane. It was the 19th time this year that two planes have collided and the 58th time since the start of 1968.

Significantly, all of the collisions have

identified light plane suddenly showed up on airport radar when the two craft were within five to ten seconds of crashing—just enough time to warn the jetliner away.

GOVERNMENT

Minnesota Model

On a clear day, viewers atop New York's Empire State Building can see an area that is governed by 1,400 political units—states, cities, counties and townships, plus scores of special-purpose districts that control everything from airports to garbage. The U.S. has 80,000 such "governments," many of them created to focus efficiently on narrow problems. In pursuing their own interests, these bodies often worsen

environmental problems, such as smog and dirty rivers, that cut across political boundaries. Responsibility is fragmented in a maze of separate, unequal and overlapping jurisdictions.

Many political scientists argue that the answer lies in regional governments designed to solve environmental abuses on a broad, systematic basis. Given the rivalries and jealousies involved, that idea might seem quixotic. But the U.S. already has an impressive model. The seven Minnesota counties that include Minneapolis, St. Paul and their bustling suburbs have recently discarded the old Balkanization of power for something new: the Twin Cities Metropolitan Council, which controls key planning for the region's 2,000,000 people while coexisting with 321 political units.

Separated by the Mississippi River, Minneapolis and St. Paul had long neglected their common problems as the nation's 15th largest urban area. On occasion, they joined to fight mosquitoes, build an airport and support big-league athletic teams. But the cities could not agree—among themselves or with their suburban neighbors—on any common solutions for some of the region's more pressing ailments.

Great factories sent pollutants billowing into the good Minnesota air, subdivisions sprawled over the pleasant landscape, delays mounted at the airport, and traffic began to choke the highways. Most shocking of all, the water table was becoming tainted by thousands of leaky backyard cesspools. Even this problem, which posed an imminent threat to health, seemed beyond resolution. For four straight biennial sessions, the state legislature tried to form a huge metropolitan sewer district. But



WRECKAGE OF JETLINER IN INDIANA

Big trouble in little packages.

involved at least one private plane. This statistic points up the urgent need for better regulation of small craft, most of which lack the sophisticated electronic navigation and safety equipment required by the Federal Aviation Administration for commercial airliners. Indianapolis air-traffic controllers say that the small plane in last week's collision, for example, was not detected by airport radar. Had it been equipped (as all commercial carriers are) with a transponder that bounces back a strong radar echo, it might well have been spotted by ground controllers in time for a warning call that would have averted the collision.

Two days after the Indianapolis disaster, the very same flight—Allegheny 853—came perilously close to another mid-air collision with a light plane while departing Greater Cincinnati Airport. Fortunately, in this instance the un-

the world where the word hip is often synonymous with middle-age spread. At Tanglewood's well-groomed Berkshire Festival this summer, Graham staged a rock program that broke all cash and attendance records. Yet the base of his enterprises is precarious and emotional. That fact was recently demonstrated in a raging confrontation that called into question the whole future of the Fillmore West, displayed Graham's pyrotechnical style, and sent shockwaves through the realm of rock.

The occasion was a threatened strike. A meeting had been called at San Francisco's other rock palace, Chet Helms' Family Dog Ballroom, by a group of psychedelic-light-show operators who were demanding more money and saying they would throw picket lines around the Fillmore that night. About 150 people were ready and waiting for Graham when he entered. First to speak was Helms, a gentle, aesthetic-looking man in his late 20s. He delivered a long speech calling for "brotherhood," accusing Graham of having a monopoly in town, and suggesting that those involved in the San Francisco rock business divide all income equally for the greater good of the "community."

Bill's Bombshell. When Graham spoke at last, he began calmly, listing his reasons for refusing the light-show people's demands, but as he turned to the real subject of the meeting—himself—the decibel level began to rise. "For four years I've been attacked and accused of being a moneygrubbing capitalist by the people in this so-called community," he said. "I'm an American businessman, mister, and I've made a lot of money. And, man, I've earned it. But I think we've also given something to this city in return. You people talk about community. Where is this community you're always talking about? Where are the pottery shops in the Haight? Where are the music groups that are giving lessons to kids?" Graham ranted on and on, to a screaming climax. Then quietly he announced that he would close up the Fillmore West for good in December, when his lease on the present site expires. The announcement tore the meeting to shreds. There would be no pickets then or later at the Fillmore West. Last week it was announced that Graham's lease on the Fillmore West had been extended to August 1970, and anyone who thinks Bill Graham will fold it then doesn't know Wolfgang Grajonca.

Graham works 16 to 18 hours a day at mind-blowing intensity, sometimes not getting his first meal of the day until the wee hours after a concert. He has been known to refer to the business he's in as "Ugly! Ugly! Ugly!" Yet one day recently he slammed down his phone, rubbed his eyes and shook his head at *TIME* Correspondent Cloud. "You know," said Bill Graham. "You hate these groups one minute. They have no sense of reality. But then they play their music and you love 'em again."

suburbanites felt city dwellers were going to take advantage of them—and vice versa—so the bill failed to pass.

Finally, concerned residents organized a 3,600-member Citizens League, which helped to devise a regional planning body that both cities and suburbs would trust. Two years ago, under the league's prodding, the state legislature passed an act setting up the Metropolitan Council to provide for "the orderly physical, social and economic growth of the area."

Under the legislation, the council controls only regional matters like pollution, sewage, highway routes and preservation of open space, leaving to each locality full sovereignty over police, schools, zoning and taxation. The 14 council members are appointed by the Governor from newly created districts of roughly equal population, and their chairman is selected at large. Thus the group avoids being influenced by myopic municipalities. The council is also financially independent. It funds itself mainly through a 70¢ levy on every \$1,000 of taxable valuation—a property surtax that brings in about \$1,000,000 a year. Its staff of 50 experts includes city planners, sanitary engineers and political scientists. It has power to match its vision. Even small local projects concerning bus routes and landfill must jibe with the council's regional plan—or be suspended.

If there is a flaw in the council, it is that members are not elected by the public. Yet the group's initial accomplishments suggest that other medium-sized metropolitan areas in the U.S. might do well to emulate the Twin Cities' plan. The council has already vetoed a site for a major new airport, on the ground that it would have brought too much noise and blight to nearby residential areas. On the positive side, the council is developing a mass-transit plan and has mapped out a gigantic sewer district that will unite 34 existing systems running through 121 towns and 300 governmental units.

RESOURCES

Challenge of the North Slope

It is a harsh but strangely lovely land, home mainly to the grizzly, polar bear, wolverine, caribou, fox, Dall sheep and countless geese and ducks. Mushy and mosquito-plagued in summer, the North Slope area of Alaska is so cold in winter that metals become brittle and men work at a fraction of their normal efficiency. Yet, during the past year, a 140-mile-wide strip of this inhospitable country bordering the Beaufort Sea was the scene of frantic activity as more than a dozen big oil companies conducted seismic tests and drilled exploratory holes in preparation for Alaska's "Great Oil Rush."

"Alaska will never be the same again," Governor Keith Miller declared jubilantly after last week's bidding for oil-drilling rights enriched his state's coffers by \$900 million (see BUSINESS).

Conservationists, for reasons of their own, fear that he may be right. In their understandable haste to obtain geological data before the bidding began, some of the oil companies scarred the tundra with seismic ditches that look from above like giant graffiti and littered it with garbage and empty barrels. Once full-scale exploitation of oil begins, the effects on the North Slope could become disastrous.

Spongy Tundra. The Arctic, unlike land in temperate climates, does not easily recover from man-made disruptions. Because of the cold, orange peels do not decay for months. Twenty-five-year-old bulldozer tracks are still plainly visible on the tundra today, testimony to the slowness of the land's ability to heal itself. But the basic problem is that most of the Arctic lies on a hard foundation of permafrost—ever-frozen



OIL RIG IN ARCTIC ALASKA
With scars like giant graffiti.

ground that prevents drainage. In the brief summer months, a thin cover of tundra soil thaws a foot deep. But if the ground is gouged by heavy equipment, the permafrost is exposed. When it thaws, it turns into a small rivulet that continues to erode its banks, growing ever larger over the years. The permafrost also makes waste disposal difficult. In their North Slope operations to date, oil companies have bulldozed shallow lagoons into which they have dumped garbage and sewage. If they continue this practice, increasing amounts of wastes will seep through the spongy tundra and contaminate the whole water table.

Moreover, to build roads, camps or airstrips, a gravel foundation must be laid over the tundra. But scooping thousands of cubic yards of gravel out of the nearby hills will cause devastating

new erosion. An alternate solution—getting the gravel from river bottoms—poses yet another problem. The future of migratory fish like salmon, which lay their eggs in stream bottoms, will be endangered. In short, the fabulous oil strike might turn the tundra into a nightmarish wasteland.

This grim possibility could be avoided. Some of the oil companies, even before leasing their rights, went to costly lengths to respect the land. Instead of using trucks to transport equipment, for example, Atlantic Richfield Co. lifted rigs over the fragile country with giant Sikorsky Skycrane helicopters. For its part, the Federal Government says it will enforce water-quality standards in the area. Because it owns vast amounts of the North Slope as yet unopened to oil exploration, the Government is in a position to insist upon whatever guidelines it can devise to control development and minimize damage to the Arctic ecology.

Environmental Safeguards. Last spring, Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel, who as Governor of Alaska promoted the oil boom on state-owned land, set up a special Arctic Task Force to draft those guidelines. Headed by Under Secretary Russell Train, the Task Force is also protecting the rights of Alaskan Indians who own some of the land. Its first act has been to delay the construction of a 773-mile-long trans-Alaska pipeline until the best route can be chosen from the oilfields south to the port of Valdez. The pipeline itself, the Task Force insists, must have such built-in environmental safeguards as pollution-detection devices and plenty of shut-off valves all along its route.

The very thought of oil spillage causes ecologists to shudder. Scientists have long known that in the freezing Arctic, oil does not break down or dissipate biologically. Instead, it would remain for years, perhaps forever, as a menace to wildlife. Construction and operation of the pipeline can be monitored. But it will be more difficult to control the supertankers that might follow the sea route through the Northwest Passage now being tested by the 115,000-ton tanker *Manhattan* (TIME, Sept. 5). If one foundered in the Arctic Ocean, it would spill many times the amount of oil lost in the memorable *Torrey Canyon* disaster, thereby endangering literally millions of seabirds, fish and littoral animals.

Despite the Department of Interior's efforts to slow down the pace of industrialization on the North Slope, some conservationists think that the oil companies are moving too fast. Says Dr. Edgar Wayburn, vice president of the Sierra Club: "Our fundamental knowledge of the area is, in fact, scanty. We know we are taking a chance when we upset the fragile ecological balance. But we don't know the full significance of the upset. We know we are initiating a long chain of circumstances, but we have no idea where they may lead."

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THE LAW

CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS Guideline on Abortion

By throwing out the conviction of a Beverly Hills physician last week, the California Supreme Court provided new hope to those who oppose antiabortion laws across the nation. By a 4-to-3 margin, the influential court declared invalid a law that for more than 100 years made it a crime to perform an abortion on a woman except when "necessary to preserve her life." The majority ruled that the law was both too vague and an improper encroachment on women's fundamental right to choose whether or not to bear children.

Actually, the law had been repealed two years ago. But Dr. Leon Belous had been convicted early in 1967, when it was still in force. To replace the statute, California passed more liberal legislation that permits hospitals to perform abortions on girls under 15, in cases of rape and incest, or when having a baby may seriously harm the physical or mental health of the mother. The California decision—the first of its kind by a major state court—now casts constitutional doubt on rigid abortion laws in no fewer than 41 other states. Also, by emphasizing that a woman has a right to decide whether or not she wants a child, it may have given California hospital abortion committees the support they need to be more liberal in approving abortions.

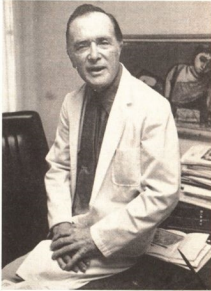
Many Supporters. Belous was brought to trial after he referred a young unmarried woman to an experienced Hollywood abortionist, who performed the operation for her. Because of the woman's emotional state, Belous had feared that she might try an abortion on herself or seek one in nearby Tijuana, Mexico—either of which would have involved a risk to her life. Whatever his intentions, he was convicted, fined \$5,000 and put on probation for two years. His appeal attracted an awesome list of supporters.

In one friend-of-the-court brief, 17 prominent lawyers argued that "a particular respected church" (the Roman Catholic Church, which fought against liberalization of abortion laws) had no right to impose its religious views on the state. Another *amicus* brief was signed by 178 deans and other professors of medical schools across the U.S.* Their brief spoke of a "hard—almost brutal—reality." The statute that was "designed in 1850 to protect women from serious risks to life and health," they declared, "has in modern times become a scourge."

In the decision, California Supreme Court Justice Raymond Peters noted

that the state once had an obvious interest in preventing abortions. Any internal surgery used to be dangerous, said Peters, in the days when doctors could not control infection. Today, he pointed out, it is safer for a woman to have a hospital abortion in her first three months of pregnancy than to have a child. For this reason, said Peters, the statute cannot be defended on the ground that it serves to prevent death from the abortion procedure. This interpretation, he continued, would actually infringe on a woman's right to life. Moreover, it would be an unjustified invasion of privacy "in matters related to marriage, family and sex." Efforts to reinterpret the statute, Peters

THE FLOWERS



BELOUS IN OFFICE
Victory for free choice.

said, had only muddled it with elusive psychological considerations. For example, one California appeals court recently upheld a doctor who had performed an abortion on a woman who psychiatrists said might commit suicide if she did not have one. Thus the law did not clearly define the boundary between criminal and legal abortion.

The court did not deal with constitutional issues raised by California's new law, the Therapeutic Abortion Act of 1967. The decision did suggest, though, that the new act makes it easier for a doctor to decide when he may legally perform an abortion. Roy Lucas, a lawyer on the board of the Association for the Study of Abortion, believes that the new act is still too vague, but applauds the new ruling. He believes that it provides a weighty precedent for court action in other states and affirms a legal trend in recent years that would make all such intimate matters a private concern beyond the reach of the state.

* The list included the former dean of the University of Southern California Medical School, Roger O. Egeberg, who is now HEW Assistant Secretary for Health.

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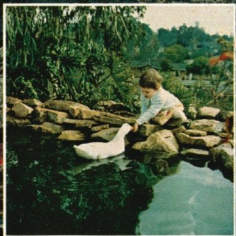
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Waste burial, or sanitary landfill, is also an economic method of transforming low value land into a community asset. For example, Los Angeles County, California, reclaimed an abandoned strip mine in Torrance by compacting refuse and burying it in layers.

The result is the lush, 87-acre South Coast Botanical Garden.

At present, the county is reclaiming another 133 acres this same way.

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THE THEATER

BROADWAY

Samurai Saga

A culture transplant poses the same difficulty as a heart transplant. It is socially as well as biologically instinctive to reject what is alien. One slightly condescending form of acceptance is to treat what is foreign as exotic. Culturally speaking, this makes one man's meat another man's persimmon. In many ways, the Grand Kabuki is a Japanese persimmon on a U.S. theatergoer's palate. It is a sweet, sumptuous and strange

lusts after Lady Kaoyo, the wife of Hangan, one of Moronao's deputies. She rebuffs him. Moronao is furious and shows abuse on the unsuspecting and inoffensive Hangan. Pushed beyond sense and patience, Hangan draws his sword and strikes at Moronao. But he is in the sacred precincts of the shogun's palace, where even to draw a sword is a crime. The shogun orders Hangan to commit harakiri. He does so, but not before his chief retainer swears to avenge his cruel death. That is what the next seven acts are about, making Hamlet



BAIKO IN "KAGAMI-JISHI"
Beauty into beast.



new taste sensation with which to start the Broadway season.

Dramatically, the Kabuki is most accessible to a Western audience when it mirrors human nature, and most baffling when it reflects the feudal social structure of 18th century Japan. In its painstakingly stylized way, the Grand Kabuki converts action and experience into a series of magnificent pictorial still lifes that remind one again and again of *ukiyo-e*, the "floating world" of Japanese prints. The paramount problem is tempo. Implacably loyal to its centuries-old tradition, the Kabuki imposes the pace of the palanquin on the age of the jet plane.

Master of Sign Language. The most renowned play associated with this theater company is *Chushingura*, an 18th century saga of honor and bloody revenge that is almost Sicilian in tone. In its entirety, the play runs to eleven acts and two days, but only the first four acts are being performed by the Grand Kabuki during its current U.S. tour. The story is transparently simple. Moronao, the governor of Kamakura,

seem like a speed demon in the revenge department.

Every little gesture has meaning in Kabuki theater, and the twitch of an eyebrow can be as electric as a lightning bolt. One of the stars of the company, Baiko, is a master of this sign language, and he plays Hangan with expressively poignant force. With staggering ease, Baiko also dominates the second number on the program, *Kagami-Jishi* (The Mirror Lion Dance), in which he plays a shy flower-loving maiden who turns into the king of beasts. (All female roles are played by men in Kabuki theater.) The three-stringed twang of the samisen haunts the entire evening like a choral book of lamentations.

The Grand Kabuki illuminates the paradox in the Japanese character, an outward decorum of almost inhuman restraint masking an inner fury of almost demonic feelings. Out of this tension the Japanese fashioned the peculiar beauty of their drama, rather like the Greeks, whose tragedies distilled the moral of "nothing in excess" from a people capable of nothing but excess.

THE STAGE ABROAD

A Double Crown

One of the most difficult feats in acting is to play, in tandem, the rival roles created by Christopher Marlowe and William Shakespeare. Two such matching pairs exist to test the sweep and sinew of an actor's craft: Marlowe's Jew of Malta and Shakespeare's Shylock, Marlowe's Edward II and Shakespeare's Richard II. The last actor to play the two Jews on successive nights was Eric Porter at Stratford on Avon in 1965. Now, for the first time since 1903, the two kings are being doubled in repertory by an English actor named Ian McKellen, who has thus made himself the undoubted sensation of this year's ever-popular Edinburgh Festival.

For present tastes, honed to instant violence, it is by no means obvious that Shakespeare outwrote Marlowe. McKellen's Richard is Shakespeare's, full-strength and without eccentricity, a prince refined down to holy innocence, so that London Critic Harold Hobson could write that "the ineffable presence of God himself enters into him." In total contrast, his Marlowe Edward is a performance as hell-inspired as the red-hot poker that, at the conclusion, is used to murder the king by being rammed up his anus.

McKellen and Director Toby Robertson have confronted with stark candor the fact that *Edward II* is a play by a homosexual about a king who was a homosexual who indeed ruined himself for an infatuation. The sum is a better play about that too-fashionable subject than anything overt or covert recently on or off Broadway. It is sensuous, unpleasant, funny, guilt-obsessed—and intensely masculine.

Dripping with Muck. The play opens with Marlowe's gaudy word-painting about the pleasures of boys and other toys, and with a searching kiss on the mouth by which Edward welcomes his favorite, Gaveston. It ends with a death scene in which Marlowe dredges the most profound pity up from the most nightmarish sensationalism: the deposed king dragged from the castle cesspool, half mad and dripping with muck, washed and soothed and kissed by his murderer in the lingering tender dialogue with which a frightened lover is put to sleep. Then smothered with a feather blanket, crushed beneath an up-turned table. Then legs up, and the flaming retribution for pederasty, a cauterization evidenced by the chronicles Marlowe knew but made into a myth beyond history, as searing as an image by Hieronymus Bosch.

Yet Edward's weakness is more than personality; it is politics. Disorder in the passions is mirrored by disorder in the state. Gaveston's name tells like a bell through Edward's lines, but for Edward's enemies the favorite is merely an instrument to hand; his death is sim-

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MICHAEL PETO



IAN MCKELLEN IN "EDWARD II"
Man makes his own hellfire.

ply an incident in the long war between king and barons. In tantrum at court, in victorious fury of battle, then defeated and bound, Edward is stalked by his encircling nobles. This play is about the state, the nature of the medieval constitution, and the Renaissance fascination with the limits of power. It was written for one highly politicized age; it resonates with considerable impact in another.

Marlowe is surprisingly modern. His paradigm of the unnatural is presented in raw pop colors—an Elizabethan comic book. The structures are rough-chopped. The energy springs from exaltation and terror: Marlowe's discovery that man is alone. He mocks religion in the guise of popery, and he imagines the triumph of will defiant beyond limit. But he wakes in the night with the sweaty fear of death. And he sees that man makes all the moral rules there are, as he makes his own earth-bound hellfire.

Actor McKellen burns in that fire—thin, lips taut, gleaming with royalty and nerve. He has the mighty breath for the Marlowe line. He has the control to make the relentless rhythms a hammer of pulse. His Edward jumps and flickers, a pouting youth who grows in viciousness yet retains sympathy, who dies stripped to a rag and a whimper yet retains tragedy. It is a performance, paired with his Richard, that marks McKellen at 28 as an actor of potential greatness. Like most fine British players, he has been thoroughly schooled in a variety of roles, ranging from Shaw to West End sentimental comedies. The year after he graduated from Cambridge, where he studied to be a teacher, he was playing *Henry V* and *Osborne's Luther*. His present pair of kings has won him an actor's crown.



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SCIENCE

BIOLOGY

Saving the Cave Paintings

For more than 16,000 years, the prehistoric paintings in France's famed Lascaux Cave survived in splendid isolation. Then, after the discovery of the cave by four French schoolboys in 1940, man returned to the scene. He brought with him a mysterious blight that threatened to obliterate in a few short years the magnificent red cows, free-floating horses and other majestic creatures drawn so long ago on the cavern walls by talented Cro-Magnon artists. Now the archaeological crisis has apparently passed. French scientists have successfully diagnosed the illness of the ancient art gallery and prescribed a modern cure.

Almost from the day that the cave

would at least be preserved on film.

Two French biologists refused to panic. Taking samples of the splashy growth back to their lab near Paris, Biologists Marcel Lefevre and Guy Laporte found that they were teeming with microorganisms. Yet only one was multiplying massively enough to produce the ugly green discoloration on the cave walls. The culprit, the scientists report in the British journal *Studies in Speleology*, was a hardy, spherical alga called *Palmellococcus*.

The microscopic plant probably flourished in the cave in prehistoric times, but reappeared only when man brought it back with him in the mud and dirt of his shoes. *Palmellococcus*' life was made all the more comfortable when man installed artificial lights in the cave, circulated the air with huge blowers



was unsealed and opened to outside air, light and visitors, archaeologists have been concerned about the effects of this exposure. By the 1950s, when as many as 125,000 people were visiting the site annually, the French had installed an elaborate air-conditioning system in an attempt to restore the original conditions of humidity, temperature and carbon-dioxide concentration in the cave. Nonetheless, the precautions failed.

Sistine Chapel. In 1960, a patch of green moldlike substance was discovered in a section called the Hall of Bulls (named for the 10-ft.-high creatures on its walls). The patch spread rapidly, and similar growths began to crop up elsewhere. This mysterious *maladie verte* so distressed French Cultural Affairs Minister André Malraux, an amateur archaeologist himself, that he appointed a commission of archaeologists, speleologists and other savants to save France's "prehistoric Sistine Chapel."

The commission immediately restored complete darkness and isolation for a recuperative period of three months. Instead of diminishing, however, the splotches only spread more rapidly. The French Government became so alarmed that in 1963 it closed off the cave to all but its own investigators. Preparing for the worst, it also ordered the national shrine photographed, so that the irreplaceable Paleolithic paintings

and, most important of all, introduced a host of algal nutrients.

Like other algae, *Palmellococcus* thrives on light, moisture, mineral salts and carbon dioxide. Yet when it can feed on such organic substances as sweat, pollen and bacteria—which were also brought into the grotto—it will multiply well even in dim light. If enough of these nutrients are present, it can survive without any light at all. In fact, it was this steady buildup of organic matter, Lefevre and Laporte say, that enabled *Palmellococcus* to proliferate even when the cave was shut down and left in total darkness.

To reduce the algae's bacterial food supply, the scientists fumigated the grotto with an aerosol of powerful antibiotics (penicillin, streptomycin and kanamycin). Next, they tackled *Palmellococcus* itself. They found that a spray of formaldehyde mixed with detergent not only killed the algae—which gradually lost their color—but had no ill effect on the paintings themselves.

Maladie verte's rout has been so successful that scientists and other selected visitors are now again being allowed into the cave to study the paintings. If adequate protection against new contamination can be devised, Lefevre and Laporte hope that the public also may some day again be allowed to see the remarkable artistry of Cro-Magnon man.

PLANETARY EXPLORATION

What Mariner Really Saw

Man's age-old dream of extraterrestrial life was stimulated earlier this summer by preliminary interpretations of data sent back from Mars by the twin Mariner probes. Hurriedly examining the readings from his infrared spectrometer on board Mariner 7, Chemist George C. Pimental had dramatically announced that the Martian atmosphere probably contained traces of ammonia and methane, two gases produced on earth by bacterial decay. The implication was clear: there might well be microorganisms on Mars.

Last week, after further study of the Mariner data, Pimental reported that his ephemeral clue to the existence of Martian life had proved to be false. What he had read as the characteristic "signatures" of methane and ammonia in spectrographic information gathered near the Martian south pole, he admitted, were actually produced by a thick layer of frozen carbon dioxide, otherwise called dry ice. How did the embarrassing error occur? Only when he checked out the experiment in his laboratory, Pimental explained, did he learn that a thick layer of dry ice could produce spectral characteristics similar to those of methane and ammonia.

Dry-Ice Clouds. Other scientists also had some second thoughts about their Mars findings. Originally, the temperature of the southern polar cap was reported as -180°F , or roughly the frost point of carbon dioxide under Martian atmospheric pressure. Now, the scientists say that the temperature is probably about four degrees lower and the atmospheric pressure several millibars higher than first estimated. That would mean that the pole is not solid carbon dioxide, as scientists once speculated. Instead, it is possibly composed of a mixture of carbon dioxide and ordinary ice, and perhaps obscured by a cloud of dry-ice particles.

Six weeks after the Mariner pictures were transmitted, scientists at Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory were also getting a far clearer look at the red planet itself. In the first fast playback of the 200 TV images radioed by the two probes, they saw a very rough and lunar-like surface. But after considerable electronic enhancement of the pictures, a slow process that increases contrasts and eliminates random "noise" in the radio signals, the scientists have now produced a portfolio of photographs that show three distinctly different types of Martian topography. Besides cratered regions, there are huge, flat, featureless areas like the 1,200-mile-long plain called Hellas. There are also vast expanses of jumbled, chaotic terrain, whose short ridges and small valleys are unlike any features on the moon and do not exist on so large a scale on earth. Concludes Caltech Geologist Robert Sharp: "Mars is definitely its own man."

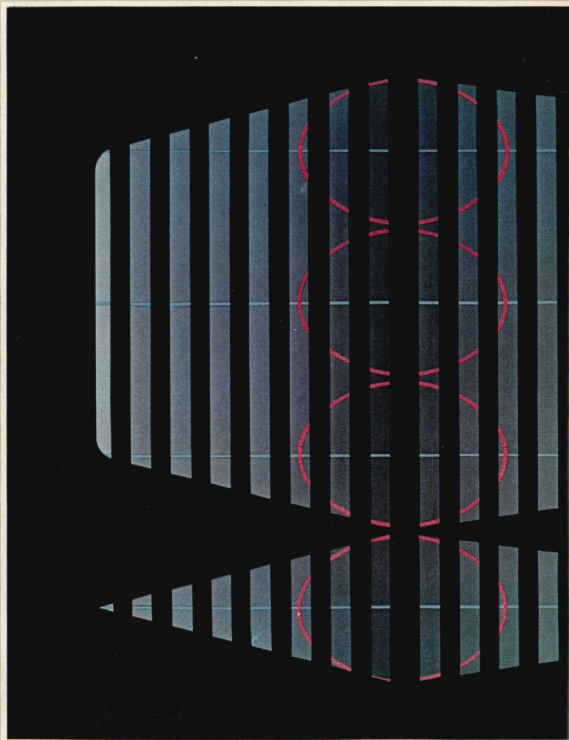


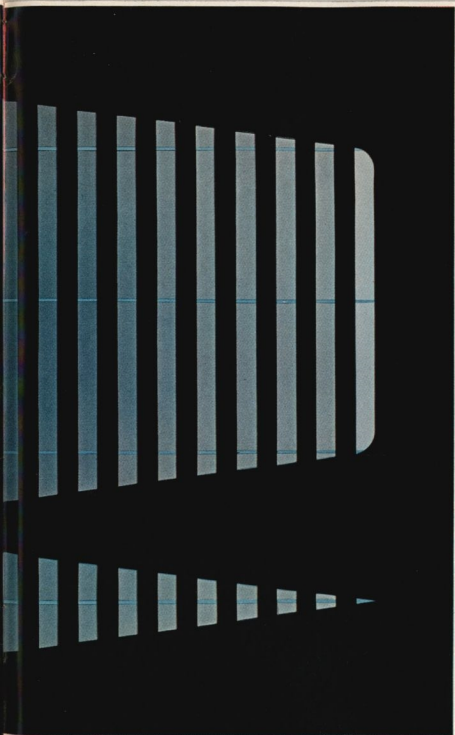
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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS







JAPAN-EXPO'70

by Yoshikazu Ogino

There are no Geisha or cherry blossoms here, no shrines, no Fujiyama. Instead, this is the young artist's poetic vision of a new industrial, technological Japan—a nation with its face turned firmly to the future.

Of course, the visitor to Expo'70 will see both the modern and traditional marvels of Japan. He will come to understand how they can exist side by side.

Understanding. That's the purpose of Japan's world exposition. It is a bridge, where the peoples of the world will cross, and meet, and appreciate their common humanity.

At TIME-LIFE, we support Expo'70 wholeheartedly. We are an integral part of the new Japan. And we, too, are a bridge. Through magazines like TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and PRESIDENT*, and in TIME-LIFE BOOKS, the world can exchange knowledge about people and products.

Understanding. It's the best use of bridges.

TIME-LIFE

Yoshikazu Ogino was born in Tokyo in 1940. The Saijokai Art Association, which he founded in 1961, has held several exhibitions of his work. He has had one-man shows in both Tokyo and New York.

Japan, 1968. Three-dimensional paper cutout. 14 3/8" x 20 1/2".

*Published by Diamond-Time Company, Ltd.



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MILESTONES

Divorced. By Lauren Bacall, 44, ever svelte and sensuous leading lady: Jason Robards, 47, most recently starred in *We Bombed in New Haven*; on grounds of incompatibility; after eight years of marriage; in Juarez, Mexico.

Divorced. By James Roosevelt, 61, eldest son of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and former U.S. Congressman, who now works for a Geneva-based investment firm: Gladys Owens Roosevelt, 52, currently free on bail after stabbing Roosevelt last May because she thought he was about to leave her for another woman; on grounds of incompatibility; after 13 years of marriage, one adopted son; in Geneva.

Died. Gavin Maxwell, 55, Scottish writer and naturalist, of cancer; in Edinburgh, Scotland. Solitary by disposition, more intrigued by animals than by people, Maxwell mined the world's far reaches for his many books. In *Harpoon Venture* (1952), he recounted his experiences hunting sharks off the craggy coasts of the Hebrides; travels among Iraqi Arabs led to *People of the Reeds* (1957). But it was his tender relationship with two otters in the remote Scottish highlands, retold in *Ring of Bright Water* (1960), that brought him his greatest acclaim. "Stage one on the way to understanding human beings," he once said, "is to have an understanding and affection for animals."

Died. Everett McKinley Dirksen, 73, pillar of the U.S. Senate and the Republican Party (see THE NATION).

Died. Adam Gimbel, 75, president of Saks Fifth Avenue stores for 43 years; of pancreatitis; in Manhattan. When his cousin Bernard F. Gimbel merged with Horace Saks in 1924, Adam Gimbel took over the Fifth Avenue store and opted for opulence and expansion, opening 29 more branches across the U.S. until today Saks Fifth Avenue is the nation's largest specialty chain, accounting for 40% of Gimbel Brothers' \$600 million annual sales.

Died. Alexander Holtzoff, 82, oldest member of the Federal District Court in Washington, D.C.; of a heart attack; in Washington, D.C. Brilliant and fiercely independent, Holtzoff waged a running battle with higher courts during most of his 24 years on the bench. In 1952, he refused to nullify President Truman's seizure of the steel industry, only to be reversed by the Supreme Court; ten years later, he fined the U.S. Communist Party \$120,000 for failing to register as an agent of the Soviet Union, and was reversed again. As a colleague put it: "Most of us take the higher courts as guidelines, but not Alex. He used to say, 'They're not superior to me,' and rule the way he saw it."

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**Zubin Mehta's
Accompanist**

The New Baldwin

MODERN LIVING

SMOKING

Cold-Turkey Month

"I'm talking to all of you who smoke," thundered the Rev. Clayton Brooks, addressing the townsfolk of Eagle Rock, gathered on the courthouse lawn. "You have the opportunity to fail an Almighty call, and you also have the opportunity to fail your own person, your own life, your own body, your own family, your own self. I ask you once more, those of you who smoke, to get up here and sign that pledge to stop now!" Perspiring, Reverend Brooks stepped down from his green gazebo pulpit. Somebody held out a lighted cigarette; he accepted it gratefully and took a long, deep drag.

For "Eagle Rock," read Greenfield, Iowa. For "Reverend Brooks," read Actor Dick Van Dyke—filming a scene for a forthcoming United Artists movie, *Cold Turkey*, a whimsical story of a town whose citizens decide en masse to kick the smoking habit. The whimsy became reality a month ago when—on the promise of a \$6,000 reward from U.A.—Greenfield smokers formally signed a pledge to quit puffing for 30 days and incinerated hundreds of cartons of cigarettes on the town square. Last week the month of official abstinence ended, and with allowances for the veracity of the people involved, it seems to have been a surprising success.

Merchants, including supermarket and drugstore owners, report that cigarette sales in Greenfield are off 30%. Out of the 363 smokers who vowed to quit, 134 claim to have gone the full 30 days without. Another 21 insist that they "almost stopped," limiting themselves to "snitching" an occasional quick drag; 50 say that they cut their consumption of cigarettes by more than

half. With several dozen Greenfielders still on vacation and therefore unpolluted, only 69 admit to promiscuously violating the no-smoking pledge.

The most conspicuous backslider is Actor Van Dyke, a chain smoker who joined the townsfolk in signing the pledge and says: "I really made an honest effort, but I was climbing the walls. It was terrible, terrible." Others include Bill Marshall, a Greenfield insurance agent who resisted temptation for only one day. That night, he was awakened by a telephone call from a farmer whose barn had just been blown down in a fierce storm. Marshall reached for a cigarette—and kept on reaching. Jim McCutchan, manager of Greenfield's I.G.A. grocery store, was hooked again after three days. "I kept reaching in my shirt pocket," he says. "Almost tore a couple of pockets off. Now I'm back smoking more than ever."

Backsliders' alibis sometimes verge on the exotic. Keith Gray, a hospital technician, swears that he would certainly have lasted out the 30 days if it hadn't been for "that lousy golf game last Sunday." A Greenfield housewife insists that she resumed smoking only to relieve mysterious nighttime stomach pains, which disappeared as soon as she broke her vow.

For those who have stuck it out, the effort has required true grit. "I couldn't have made it without snuff," says Darrell Chiles, manager of a Greenfield manufacturing plant. "It smells like horse manure, but a little pinch in the side of the cheek really helps." Other sufferers swear by such substitutes as plastic cigarettes, chewing gum, Life Savers, unlighted stogies and tranquilizers. Many of them simply eat more. That will mean diets—next year.



HERMAN & CREATION



HALSTON & MODEL

FASHION

Fall Grab Bag of Dos

A girl can't stay undressed forever. With the last sand shaken out of the last sandal, bikinis back in the mothballs and nothing left of summer but a handful of overexposed color slides, the old question looms as sharply as ever: What to wear this fall?

In other seasons, and in other years, answers came easily. Paris and Seventh Avenue left little to chance or to choice: hemlines were to be lowered, waists cinched, crinolines worn, hemlines raised, waists unbelted, and crinolines banned. No more. Today, the woman who wants to be chic can get there almost any way at all. She can slither in floor-length silk, constrict herself in a ten-foot boa, snap to in a thigh-high leather jumper or win applause in a shiny vinyl raincoat that stops at the middle of the calf. This year, so long as it looks good, anything goes.

Winter Drag. What seems to be going the most is the maxi. Pooh-poohed when it first turned up five years ago, and shoo-shoed into junior departments as recently as last year, the full-length coat is scouring floors across the country more effectively than an electric broom. To be sure, sales are largely to the under-30 set, and in particular to those under-30s who happen also to be over 5 ft. 5 in. tall. (That much covering makes a shorter girl look like a walking, talking sleeping bag.) Men, fearful of losing sight of miniskirts, are generally scornful of the style. Jack Hanson, founder of California's Jax stores, goes so far as to sneer: "It's like admitting you don't have good legs." In fact, many girls don't, and they are grateful for what the maxi can do to divert attention to their other features—an elegance of neck, an effluence of bosom, a secrecy of infrastructure.

As a result, customers from Detroit to Dallas to Atlanta to Chicago are



JORIS & MODEL IN MAXI

Fall 1969: A Season for All Women

Clingy knit sweatercoat and pants make for casual fall comfort as well as subtle sex. Two-yard-long chiffon scarf outlines the long, lean look of Victor Joris' outfit for Cuddlecourt.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY DAVID SARR





Any skirt length goes, whether mini, midi or maxi. This crepe mini dress by Stan Herman for Mr. Mori recalls the mood of the '20s with cardigan jacket and ostrich boa.

The midcalf skirt, once the dowdy trademark of nurses and governesses, achieves a worldly new chic in Halston's snug shirt and skirt, with coat that ties like a bathrobe.

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Plaza Theatre August 4th

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LEAR



Maxi coats with matching pants are this year's biggest news. They combine a new look with practicality, and Luba of Elite adds a touch of humor by making her outfit in fake fur with fox trim and side buckles.

Weather doesn't matter at all on rainy autumn days in Luba's slick, shiny vinyl coat and pants that are fit for a midnight cowboy or a lady on the cocktail circuit.

MIDNITE
SHOW
EVERY
NIGHT!

LYRIC

42'S
New
The

Always
2 BIG



The fall's free-for-all allows for such extravagances as Oscar de la Renta's Belle Epoque dress in velvet with ostrich feathers.

snatching maxis off the racks, as well as floor-length mufflers and scarves. At Manhattan's Bloomingdale's, two out of three coats sold are maxis, for prices ranging anywhere from \$70 to \$225. Come winter, when snow and slush can turn a full-length coat into a real drag, sales are sure to ease off. But for now, and with weeks of chilly football games still to huddle through, the maxi looks like the season's best bet.

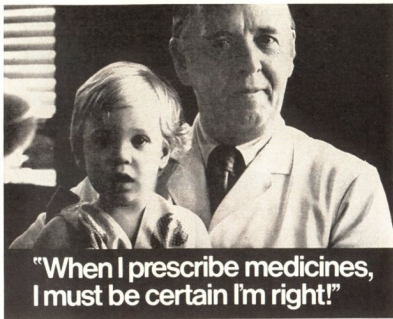
Minis, of course, are more—or less—everywhere this fall. They come short, shorter and in newly abridged versions, cut of languorous fabrics like velvet panne, crepe plissé and slinky jersey. They are shown, with a nod to the '20s, as the kicky end to a straight line cardigan suit, or, in a mixture of high drama and low burlesque, beneath maxi coats. (Said one male observer of the scene last week: "I don't mind a long coat if it is handsome and the girl in it is Geraldine Chaplin, like in *Doctor Zhivago*, but underneath I like to find Julie Christie, in this year's mini.") They are pleated, gathered and flared, bold and brassy in horse-blanket plaid, workaday nonchalant in houndstooth check, hoity-toity in cut damask or brocade. They are clearly here to stay awhile.

Even so serious a critic as Fashion Historian James Laver sees no downfall in sight. Laver's original prediction, in response to an urgent inquiry last year from Dallas' Neiman-Marcus about the mini's potential life span, gave the style a year and a half. Last week he revised his estimate to "indefinite." Laver adds: "A demand for cover-up clothes seems unlikely." What next, then? Laver feels, "Clothes always feature an erotic zone—now the upper thigh. My guess is that this focus is going to move to the midriff—certainly not to the ankle."

No One and Only. Whatever their current length or longevity, the new fall fashions, from maxi to mini to the in-between midi, demonstrate that the day of the one and only look is over. There are no don'ts today in fashion, just a grab bag of dos that are more challenging to the wearers, infinitely more satisfying to the designers. "For the first time," says Luba, designer for Elite, "the customer is a source of inspiration rather than irritation. Before, there were only a few, the fashion-minded, who understood what you were doing. But today, the public wants to try new things all the time."

The price for eclecticism? Astonishingly low. For another first in 1969 is the sudden flurry and flash of performance from junior-dress designers. Victor Joris, 39, and Stan Herman, 35, this year walked off with fashion's coveted Coty Award, generally reserved for the high-fashion, \$500-a-dress boys. Herman dresses can be had for \$50, Joris coats for \$75.

So, with length no object, reasonable price tags and a dizzying variety of styles to choose from, all a woman has to do—no negligible problem—is make up her mind.



"When I prescribe medicines, I must be certain I'm right!"

A family doctor discusses the question of quality drugs.

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Another point of view . . .

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We've cooled it.

BUSINESS

THE RICHEST AUCTION IN HISTORY

Already Alaska beckons on the north, and pointing to her wealth of natural resources asks the nation on what new terms the new age will deal with her.

—*The Frontier in American History, 1920, Frederick Jackson Turner*

Americans have long paid little heed to their frontier of the north, idealizing instead the memory of a Western frontier that is forever gone. Now Alaska increasingly presents what Historian Turner called the "stubborn American environment" with its "imperious summons to accept its conditions." The 49th state's environment is as raw and untouched as the Great Plains and Rockies were 150 years ago, offering anew a spaciousness unknown to urban Americans and an awesome treasure of untapped wealth.

Last week part of that treasure produced a scene reminiscent of the land-rush days of the old West. At stake was not land or gold, but oil—an estimated 5 billion to 10 billion barrels—that lies below the tundra of Alaska's North Slope. Gathered in a concrete auditorium in Anchorage, executives of 50 oil companies bid for the right to explore for oil along a 140-mile coastal stretch of state-owned land. When the bidding ended, Alaska was richer by \$862,297,961.05—more than has been mined in yellow gold in the past 80 years, almost 120 times the \$7.2 million that Secretary of State William Seward paid for the territory in

1867, and the equivalent of \$3,000 for every one of the state's 285,000 men, women and children.

Steam Screen. The great Alaska oil rush has been building momentum ever since January 1968, when an Atlantic Richfield Co. drilling crew struck pay dirt 8,700 feet below the tundra at Prudhoe Bay, on the Arctic Coast. Since then, 22 drilling rigs have been brought in, and their crews have sought to duplicate that feat, often working in minus 65° weather and braving 100-m.p.h. winds. The land that they explored was open range until last week's sale of leases, and maintaining secrecy was as important as keeping warm. Companies hired helicopters to spy on competitors' drilling rigs, and the crews in turn switched on hot-water hoses to throw up screens of steam. The drilling results were reported to head offices by courier or by coded radio message.

As pressure mounted during the countdown to last week's sale of leases, Anchorage (pop. 113,000) became a haven for industrial spies and counterespies, almost suggestive of Lisbon in the 1940s. The state had put on the auction block 179 tracts of land, totaling 450,858 acres, some of it reaching out under the Arctic Ocean. The rules demanded sealed bids for each tract, to be submitted no later than the morning of the sale.

To keep competitors from learning the size of their bids, the oilmen in the

Anchorage Westward Hotel reserved rooms on either side of their own and the rooms above and below. A favorite joke around town went: "Are you in oil?" "No, I'm incognito." One company wrapped its bid in aluminum foil in case a competitor had an exotic camera capable of taking pictures through a manila envelope. Another consortium, headed up by Continental Oil, hired a private train at \$12,500 a day to ply back and forth between Calgary and Edmonton for four days while executives prepared their bids in total secrecy; at the last minute, they flew to Anchorage in a corporate JetStar.

Captive Audience. On the morning of what Alaska's Governor Keith Miller called "a rendezvous with our dreams," Alaskans began lining up outside the auditorium at 3 a.m. to witness the spectacle. Between the time that oilmen presented their bids before 8 a.m. and the first results were announced at 10:28 a.m., Miller had a captive audience that any politician might envy. The Governor made the most of his opportunity, leading the oil executives through the Alaska Flag Song, introducing fellow Alaska politicians and screening a color film on the state. The audience was then treated by self-styled Bard of the Arctic Larry Beck to a recital of all 30 dreary stanzas of *Black Gold*. A sample couplet: "They made their way to Prudhoe Bay/To mine the black gold oil."

Then the results were announced. For

ART WILSON



TALLYING BIDS IN AUDITORIUM

The equivalent of \$3,000 for every one of the state's men, women and children.



NEW YORK-BOUND BANKERS AT ANCHORAGE

the first six tracts, a combine of Gulf Oil, British Petroleum and its Alaskan subsidiary bid \$97 million. Another tract, just southwest of Prudhoe Bay, brought the highest single bid of the day, submitted jointly by Amerasia Hess and Getty Oil: \$72,277,133. A rival consortium of Phillips, Mobil and Standard Oil of California had bid a scant \$164,133 less. Having underestimated on one tract, the same group decidedly overestimated on another, making a bid of \$18,130,000. The next highest bid was a nominal \$1.

By the end of the day, Alaska held a down payment of \$180 million; the rest is due in ten days. To cash the checks through ordinary bank channels would have required four days, and cost the state \$180,000 in lost interest. But this was no ordinary transaction. The Bank of America chartered a jet (for \$23,000) to carry the checks east to be cashed in time to be invested in Treasury bills the next morning.

Capitol by a Glacier. Besides the windfall from the leases, Alaska will collect a 12½% royalty and a 4% "severance tax" on every barrel of oil taken out. Inventing ways to spend the wealth, in fact, has become a favored pastime. Alaskans have variously suggested building a bridge to Siberia, distributing the cash equally among the citizenry, and building a much-discussed new state capitol beside the Mendenhall Glacier near Juneau. More soberly, the Legislative Council has commissioned The Brookings Institution to recommend how best to invest the interest that the money will earn, and Governor Miller has asked the Stanford Research Institute to undertake a similar study. Beyond that, Alaska has another 800,000 acres to put up for bids whenever it wishes, and will collect 90% of the royalties from any oil produced on federal land within the state.

More important for the long run, the winning companies are now committed to develop their tracts, at costs running up to \$4,000,000 per well. This will constitute a radical infusion of money into Alaska's economy, which up to now has been largely dependent on federal aid. A \$900 million pipeline is planned to bring the oil to the port of Valdez for shipment by tanker to West Coast markets in the 1970s, just when Texas, Louisiana and California fields are expected to go into decline.

Searching for a cheaper means of serving the East Coast, the 115,000-ton tanker *Manhattan* last week pushed its way through the Arctic ice pack. Officers from the *Manhattan* reported optimistically that shipping through the Northwest Passage was a commercially practical proposition—though that was before the vessel got stuck in the ice in the McClure Strait. The *Manhattan* broke loose 24 hours later and headed toward the Beaufort Sea. Should the *Manhattan's* voyage be successful, the way will then be clear to bring Alaska's wealth of iron, zinc, copper and sulphur readily to market as well.

AUTOS

Why Knudsen Was Fired

Can the son of a General Motors president find happiness running Ford? For 19 months, Semon E. ("Bunkie") Knudsen thought so. Disappointed at having been passed over for the G.M. presidency once held by his father, William S. Knudsen, he quit G.M. after a 29-year career early last year and jumped at an offer to become president of Ford. But Bunkie Knudsen's take-charge attitude brought no happiness to other Ford executives. Last week, in one of the auto industry's most bizarre episodes, Knudsen and Ford disclosed that he had been fired outright.

Chairman Henry Ford II, whose hir-

Ford design center, arriving there as early as 7:15 a.m. He ordered one change in the grille of the 1970 Thunderbird that made it resemble the Pontiac—a car produced by the G.M. division that Knudsen once headed. He also changed some personnel at the middle-management level without paying due respect to the wishes of other managers.

All this stirred general resentment among Ford men, especially Executive Vice President Lee A. Iacocca, the assertive architect of Ford's highly successful Mustang and Maverick. Iacocca, a tough and ambitious marketing whiz whom Detroiters look on as Chairman Ford's heir apparent, was shocked and disappointed when Knudsen was brought in, and had had several clashes with



KNUDSEN & FORD
Too eager to succeed.



IACOCCA
Too much to endure.

ing of Knudsen had been widely hailed in Detroit as a managerial masterstroke, walked into Knudsen's office two weeks ago and told him that he was through. Stunned and aggrieved, Knudsen asked why he was being dismissed from his job, which paid him \$580,952 last year. As Knudsen told the story, Ford replied only that "things did not work out as I had hoped." At a press conference last week, Ford conceded that he could not think of any Knudsen decisions that he had disagreed with and kept repeating: "It just didn't work out."

A Matter of Personality. What did not work was Knudsen's concept of how a Ford president should operate. Ford's young executives have always admired G.M.'s all-around management strength, but they were startled when a G.M. man was brought in to be their boss. Their dismay increased when they discovered that Knudsen, a gentlemanly but strong-willed executive, intended to run the company practically at the plant level. Instead of sitting in his office ruling on policy, he took to haunting the

him. The two men held a peace parley last January, but if they came to an agreement, it did not last. Says one high executive who knows both well: "Lee had chewed his way through ten layers of management to get where he was, and he was determined to chew his way through anyone who was placed above him."

Ford's original idea in recruiting Knudsen, now 56, was to let him act as president for some years while Iacocca, 44, got some more seasoning. After Knudsen arrived at Ford, many executives concluded, to their surprise, that he was not really as shrewd or nimble as Iacocca. In his overeagerness to succeed, Knudsen committed a tactical error. He tried to make policy in parts of the company that Iacocca thought were his responsibility. Not long ago, Iacocca went to Henry Ford, who considers Iacocca his brightest protégé, and told him that he could no longer endure Knudsen's meddling. Apparently Knudsen's methods had not overly pleased Ford, either. The grandson of

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Metropolitan Life

the founder of the Ford Motor Co. insists on maintaining absolute control of the business, knows just about everything important that goes on in the company. As he said last week: "I am the chief executive officer of this company."

The outcome of the Knudsen affair made Iacocca stronger than ever. Ford did not name a new company president. Instead, the directors elected Iacocca and two other high Ford executives, Robert Stevenson and Robert J. Hampson, presidents of three major operating groups. Iacocca, as head of all auto product development, manufacturing and sales in the U.S. and Canada, is clearly *primus inter pares*. He could not quite conceal his delight at Knudsen's departure. When asked if he was sorry to see Knudsen go, Iacocca replied: "I've never said 'No comment' to the press in my life, but I'll say it to that one."

fluent U.S. families as a convenient means to travel, go camping, take weekend outings and even long vacations.* Winnebago's sales have roughly doubled in each of the past four years. The company's revenues reached \$33 million in the last fiscal year and are expected to top \$67 million this year. Earnings increased 100% last year, to \$2,400,000.

High-Priced Toys. Although the company is called "Winnebago-a-Grow-Grow" by its corn-country boosters, its success did not come easily. The Forest City Development Committee, appointed by the town to woo industry, raised \$50,000 by selling stock locally. With those funds, the committee refurbished an old pumpkin cannery and began making so-called camper coaches: portable dwellings that can be mounted on pickup trucks. The venture failed, and the factory was forced to close. Finally,

in the U.S., and Hanson expects the market for these "high-priced toys" to grow by at least 20% each year.

No Quitting. Both Hanson and Forest City have prospered. The once somnolent Main Street is bustling and not one shop is vacant. The town has a new airport, several supermarkets and no unemployment. Winnebago plans to add 600 more employees to its 1,400-man work force by next summer. The population has risen to more than 4,000.

As for Hanson, his original \$10,000 investment in Winnebago has made him a multimillionaire. Anyone who spent \$12.50 to buy a share of the public company's common stock in 1965 now has, after numerous splits and dividends, stock worth \$2,250. Hanson's holdings have a value of more than \$90 million. Despite his wealth, Hanson still lives in the same modest red brick house that he has occupied for 25 years. One goal has eluded him: retirement at 55. Hanson is 56, and he says that running Winnebago is just too enjoyable to give up.

INFLATION

More, More, More

Inflation struck a series of exasperating blows at consumer pocketbooks last week. Manufacturers posted higher prices for autos, appliances and coffee, and the Government granted the nation's airlines an increase in fares.

General Motors, the acknowledged pacesetter in auto prices, announced the largest increases in more than a decade. The window-sticker price of the average G.M. car will go up 3.9%, from \$3,070 on 1969 models to \$3,189 on the 1970 line. The company called the rise "modest" in view of much larger increases in the cost of labor and many materials. G.M. said that \$38 of the \$119 rise was for improved equipment, such as glass-fiber-reinforced tires, larger engines and disk brakes.

General Electric lifted its wholesale prices by about 3% on electric ranges, refrigerators, freezers and home laundries. General Foods' Maxwell House raised the wholesale price of coffee by 5%. The air-fare increase, approved by the Civil Aeronautics Board, will be effective Oct. 1. The average first-class fare will go up 7%, the average coach fare 34%. It will be the second increase this year for the financially ailing airlines. In March, the CAB approved a 4% rise.

The U.S. consumer might think that there is no end in sight to runaway prices. Yet last week Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr. of the Federal Reserve Board told Congress that the nation is "at the tail end" of its siege of inflation. "We're making slow and steady progress," Martin insisted. "There are indications that we may be getting to the end of very high interest rates." Maybe so, but last week interest rates on short-term Government notes jumped to still another record high. Example: 64% on a \$356 million issue of New York State tax-free notes. The prices of many



WINNEBAGO'S MONEYMAKER

Going like sixty with little houses on wheels.



HANSON

CORPORATIONS

Saving a Small Town

Like many other farm towns across the country, Forest City, Iowa (pop. 2,900) was dying. The region's corn and hog farms were too small to be tilled profitably, and its greatest exports were people. Youngsters grew up and moved to nearby Minneapolis—and beyond—to find work, leaving their parents behind to rock in the sun and talk over old times.

That was 13 years ago. Then the town's elders decided to fight the out-migration by bringing industry to Forest City. Today Winnebago Industries, the company a town created, has become the largest manufacturer of recreational vehicles in the U.S. Last month Winnebago, which is named for the surrounding county, placed a \$30 million order with the Dodge Truck Division for chassis and engines to build \$120 million worth of motor homes—self-propelled dwellings that combine the mobility of a car with some of the comforts of home. Such vehicles have grown increasingly popular among af-

John K. Hanson, a Forest City furniture-store owner, bought up the stock at a reduced price and reopened the plant. In 1964, misfortune struck again when a fire gutted the old building. Undaunted, Hanson borrowed \$360,000 from the Small Business Administration and put up a larger and more efficient plant that enabled him to adopt assembly-line techniques. "We build a little house on wheels," says Hanson. "But we build it like they build autos."

Soon Hanson spotted the demand among campers for extra convenience and decided to concentrate production on bigger motor homes. It was a timely switch. His line of six motor homes now accounts for 80% of the company's sales. The smallest models, about 17 ft. long—or two feet shorter than a full-sized station wagon—sell for \$6,500. The 27-ft. model sleeps six, has a bedroom and kitchen and is priced at \$11,210. Last year Winnebago made some 4,000 of the 18,000 motor homes sold

* "Motor homes" differ from "mobile homes." The latter, despite their name, are usually placed in one spot and seldom move.

idea: Hustle more cold drinks to thirsty fans between the halves

One day, the frantic football fans who scramble for cold drinks at half time will have reason to smile.

Eaton Yale & Towne has an idea for a refrigerating-circulating system to supply multiple vending stations or coin-operated dispensers from a single source. Fans will get cold 40° carbonated soft drinks or beer many times faster than ever before. No bottles, no cases will slow down service. Ice can be made

automatically, where desired. Harried concessionaires will keep their cool.

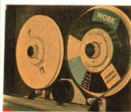
It's a speed-up-service idea that could be applied to all kinds of mass-feeding, fast-food installations.

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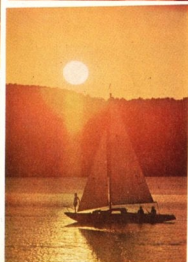


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Honeywell
AUTOMATION

industrial materials—among them copper, nickel, steel pipe, chlorine and abrasive powders—also continued to inch upward, promising subsequent increases in the cost of the goods and services that consumers buy.

SALARIES

Are They Overpaid Overseas?

Judged by the sum of their special living allowances, bonuses and "hardship" pay, American businessmen working abroad are considerably better off than their stay-at-home counterparts. At least that is the conclusion of the National Industrial Conference Board in a report issued after a survey of 104 senior executives of U.S. corporations with international operations.

The report prompted one West German newspaper to comment that Americans abroad are paid "ducal salaries." It has stirred a somewhat different reaction from U.S. executives in Europe. "I read that and gulped hard," says Edward Roach, European marketing director for Honeywell Inc., who is transferring this month from Frankfurt to Brussels. "Only if you're willing to live like a native can you do pretty well." The trouble, according to some overseas executives, is that living like a native often means squeezing a family into a cramped apartment and doing without some amenities that Americans take for granted. "The glamorous expense account is just a cross that leads to swollen livers, nerves and family breakups," says a Pan American World Airways manager in Rome.

Costly Commuting. Americans transferred to Europe seem particularly disgruntled by the high price of food, appliances and other creature comforts. To be sure, U.S. prices are now rising at a 6%-a-year rate—considerably faster than prices in almost all European countries. But items that are inexpensive in the U.S. are often costly in Europe. In West Germany, some self-service laundries charge \$1 to wash a load of clothing. Cantaloupes often sell for \$1.75 apiece; coffee costs \$1.74 a pound. Bread costs 60¢ a loaf in Paris, and cigarettes are 75¢ a pack in London. A publisher in Amsterdam sold his U.S. car when he discovered that commuting to work cost \$5 a day in gas.

The greatest single dissatisfaction is the shortage of moderately priced housing considered acceptable by U.S. suburban standards. Emmet Harris of Manhattan's First National City Bank spent \$7,500 renovating his Paris flat, but still has to budget \$800 a year for electrical repairs. The chief of operations for a U.S. oil company was dismayed to find the plumbing so erratic in his villa on Rome's Via Appia Antica that for a time he stocked bottled water for guests to wash in. When William Wyman, vice president of Booz, Allen & Hamilton, rented an apartment in Düsseldorf, he and his wife discovered that the rent was only the beginning of their housing costs. "Not only did we have

no appliances, but we had to buy the kitchen sink," says Mrs. Wyman.

The practice of paying lavish allowances began years ago with the oil companies. Then it was a way of inducing men to accept jobs in Africa and the Middle East. Today, the extras apply almost everywhere and sometimes add 50% to a paycheck. International Harvester pays its employees a bonus of as much as 20% to go abroad, and Pan American grants a flat \$75 a month. General Motors expects its men to pay 15% of their salaries for rent, but the company defrays seven-eighths of anything above that level. Like many other corporations, G.M. also pays for the children's private school and flies the whole family home once every two years.

Despite all the tales of woe, few ex-

Edison, Italy's largest private industrial corporation, was long the leading shareholder in both Italti and Sade-Finanziaria, holding companies that, as it happens, control Montecatini Edison. Italmobiliare is 100% owned by Italcementi, an important shareholder in Bastogi, which in turn owns more than 10% of Italcementi.

As might be expected, many of these incestuous financial marriages turn out to be sterile. Prizing security above all else, Italy's interlocked industrial and financial titans have been reluctant to take the risks that are necessary to stimulate the country's economic growth.

At the same time, they have long wielded enough power to inhibit rivals from venture investment in Italy. The Italian stock market is controlled by

about 20 financial companies of such interwoven ownership that their directors answer mainly to themselves. So few investors care for these conditions that the total value of shares traded on the Milan stock exchange in a year barely equals that traded on the New York Stock Exchange in a week. Worse, the system has begun to bleed Italy of funds that the country needs at home. During the first six months of this year, some \$1.5 billion in capital went abroad in search of more profitable ventures. The outflow gave Italy an \$897 million balance-of-payments deficit after five years of healthy surpluses.

Out of the Syndicate. The unhealthy financial system has come under attack from several fronts lately, as both the government and forward-looking private investors have sought to pry open the country's long-closed business establishment. Acting through a state-owned

investment bank, the government-owned holding companies ENI and IRI quietly bought effective control of Montecatini Edison last October. Once in power, the state agencies ousted both Sade-Finanziaria and Italti from a syndicate of controlling stockholders because the companies were owned by Montecatini.

In the private sector, a group of businessmen led by Cesare Merzagora, former president of the Italian Senate and now head of Assicurazioni Generali, the country's largest insurance firm, challenged Bastogi, a big holding company in which Assicurazioni owns a major interest. Decrying Italian financial companies as "a group of hens nesting on rocks," Merzagora's group demanded that Bastogi try to stimulate private investment rather than keep its capital in the serenity of real estate holdings. Another group, headed by Insurance Executive Ettore Lolli, joined with Tiremaker Leopoldo Pirelli to oust the conservative management of La Centrale, a holding company that had most of its \$200 mil-



WYMAN & WIFE IN DÜSSELDORF APARTMENT
The dukes don't recognize themselves.

cutives seem eager to avoid tours of duty abroad. Increasingly, U.S. companies are sending promising young men, rather than veterans, to posts in their overseas divisions. Says Booz Allen's Wyman: "The young tiger of today realizes that if he is going to be president tomorrow, he needs international experience." Among such men, cash incentives are growing less important as a lure to foreign jobs. Most of Europe is no longer a cheap place to live in, but then neither is much of the U.S.

ITALY

Hens Nesting on Rocks

Italians loathe free competition, wrote Author Luigi Barzini, preferring to protect themselves by rigid organization. Barzini's theory is especially borne out among old-guard Italian financiers. To preserve their power—and the value of their investments—they arrange for their firms to control one another through a cozy network of holding companies. Chemical-making Montecatini

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lion portfolio in real estate and food. The new management has turned La Centrale toward a more active role in both domestic and foreign investment.

Sicilian Challenge. Probably no one has done more to shake the country's old financial structure than Michele Sindona, 49, a Sicilian lawyer who came to Milan as a tax expert in 1947 and now heads a financial empire that spans three continents. Sindona, who learned how holding companies operate while helping leading corporations get around Italy's obsolete and cumbersome tax laws, formed his own financial company, Fasco, and began buying and selling companies.

He leaped from obscurity to inter-



MICHELE SINDONA

Muscle to fight old money.

national prominence in 1964, when he took over the U.S.-owned Libby, McNeill & Libby and the Brown Paper Company of Berlin, N.H. Later he sold both firms at a profit, and has since bought and sold his way to the presidency or chief executive's seat of eight companies, the vice-presidency of three others, and board membership in several more. His financial acumen stood him in good stead, last September, when he gained control of the Società Nazionale Sviluppo Imprese Industriali, a private firm of Venetian financiers, and transformed it into an international merchant bank.

Sindona's moves have shaken the confidence of the financial old guard, who now worry where he will strike next. He hopes to attract more U.S. investment to Italy, both for joint ventures between Italian and American companies, and for outright takeovers of Italian firms by Americans. As Sindona sees it, that is the only way Italian business can hope to catch up with U.S. business in organization and management technique.

HOUSING

Silos for Singles

Next to being in each other's company, nothing appeals to young singles like doing something really different. Three Louisville real estate developers have announced a project that offers both attractions. In a neighborhood on the fringe of the downtown area, they will convert 24 huge, interconnected silos and a grain elevator into apartments for single people between the ages of 20 and 30.

The three businessmen bought a big milling plant from the Pillsbury Co. for \$550,000, and the deserted 98-ft.-high silos, which once stored a million bushels of wheat, were part of the deal. At first they seemed a problem. "We thought of uses for all the buildings but the silos," recalls Joseph D. Travis Jr., 48, "and we knew they would be expensive to pull down." Then Travis, remembering reports of California's flourishing singles colonies, suggested to his partners, William C. Erwin Jr. and James E. Kavanaugh, that they could turn the silos into apartments for the young and unattached. "Everyone thought I was nuts," says Travis.

Circular Beds. Nonetheless, he brought in Architect Jasper D. Ward, who has a reputation for imaginative renovation. Two years ago, Ward transformed Louisville's abandoned Illinois Central Railroad station into the nostalgically appointed Actors Theater. Ward concluded that the silos could indeed be converted into twelve-story apartment buildings for an estimated cost of \$2,000,000. Work will begin next January, and the first tenants are expected to move in in early 1971. Plans call for installing floors either by pouring cement into forms at every level or by affixing prefabricated circles. Jackhammers will cut windows and outside balcony spaces in the battleship-gray walls, which are eight inches thick, and elevators will be installed inside. On completion, the silos will have 132 circular apartments, including 84 split-levels, each 23 feet in diameter. In addition, there will be 24 rectangular apartments in the adjoining grain elevator. Rents, including utilities and furnishings (even the beds will be circular), will range from \$150 to \$175.

Nothing to Hide. Ward does not have any grand illusions about the project's appearance. "It will look like a bunch of silos with windows and balconies cut out every here and there," he says. "We will do as little as possible to destroy the natural form of the silos. That's the whole charm of the apartments."

Though the neighborhood is undistinguished, it has the attraction of being close to the center of town. A number of prospective tenants have already sent in cash deposits for apartments. Eventually, the local newspaper has produced a name for the singles who will move into the silos: "flour children."

CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Torpid Last Fling

Since most men and women cannot know the hour of their death, they fritter away hours and hours of their lives. But suppose one is young and knows one's death is imminent? The idea that animated Director Vittorio De Sica in making *A Place for Lovers* was to find the one life imperative that possesses the force of death. That imperative is love—life at its most vibrant intensity.

If the film he made had not proved to be woefully inept, its theme might have made it grand, tragic and compellingly romantic. As it is, it merely



DUNAWAY & MASTROIANNI IN "LOVERS"
Playing hooky from the sanatorium.

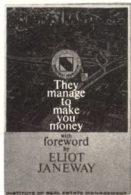
gives Faye Dunaway a chance for a last, torpid, tuberculous fling. TB may or may not be the unnamed mortal disease that she has. She behaves pretty much like a willful child playing hooky from the sanatorium. As her erotic partner, Marcello Mastroianni displays all the zest of a man summoned up for tax evasion. He appears to be lip-reading his English, although the script seems to find the language just about as alien as Mastroianni does. The five scriptwriters who supposedly worked on the film must have spent enough time at the water-cooler to flood a camel. The only smidgen of plot is that Dunaway makes a late abortive attempt at suicide, something the film successfully achieves after about ten minutes.

Almost Making It

On those few occasions when people under 30 are not watching movies, they are probably off making them. At universities all over the country, gymnasiums have been converted into sound stages, classrooms into editing cubbies. Although most student efforts are not good enough for general distribution, an occasional film is given a limited com-

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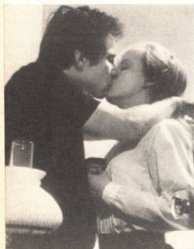
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mercial run. A current example is a feature called *Who's That Knocking at My Door?*, made over a period of two years at New York University by Martin Scorsese, 26, a graduate student. The film's several weaknesses and excesses prevent it from being totally successful. But it introduces a young director who just may turn out to be one of the brighter talents of this eager new generation.

Drawing heavily on his boyhood in an Italian neighborhood in New York City, Scorsese has constructed a loose narrative about a jobless adolescent named J.R. (Harvey Keitel) and a wispy, enigmatic girl (Zina Bethune). J.R. moves in a world where Cadillacs park conspicuously in front of tenements and the guy taking his grandchildren down



KEITEL & BETHUNE IN "KNOCKING"
Bright fragments of invention.

to the corner for a lemon ice is the No. 1 professional murderer on the East Coast.

At parties, J.R. and his pals drink vino, play with revolvers and have a good time with "the broads." While the others amuse themselves by talking tough and riding uptown to visit the whores, J.R. shyly courts his girl on rooftops and ferries. But he cannot bring himself to violate his strict Catholic heritage by sleeping with her. When she confides to him that she was once raped, he rejects her and returns to life with his cronies on the street.

Unfortunately, that street and its milieu overshadow the relationships within. Trying to combat a basically melodramatic situation, Scorsese goes too far in the opposite direction. He diffuses the action badly, destroying a good deal of plot continuity, and overindulges in scenes with J.R. and his buddies that are of peripheral importance. The whole of the picture is less than the sum of its parts, many of which abound with vitality and cinematic invention. Scorsese choreographs his camera movements with an exhilarating, easy grace, and his dramatic use of rock 'n' roll

(the film's title comes from a 1958 hit by the Genies) surpasses similar efforts in *The Graduate* and *Easy Rider*. Such fragments are bright enough to make *Who's That Knocking?*—and more important, Martin Scorsese—worth watching.

Britannia Waives the Rules

To psychologists and social reformers, he may be the victim of society; to existentialists, he is a genius manqué. But to the makers of film farces, the thief is only a lovable boob.

In *The Italian Job*, he is Charlie Croker, played by Michael Caine with his bag of standard accessories: cockney locutions, drooping eyelids and acute satyriasis. Charlie uses jail the way some men use their country clubs—to make valuable contacts. Though he is a petty criminal, Charlie contrives to rub shoulders with the larcenist laureate of England, an elegant superpatriot of a prisoner known only as Mr. Bridger (Noel Coward). Britannia waives the rules for Bridger, who affects Savile Row threads, dines alone, and stabilizes sterling by masterminding foreign robberies from his cell.

Charlie, on parole, conceives a plan to steal \$4 million from a stronghold in Turin, Italy. Mr. Bridger finds it a simply wizard idea and puts up expense money. Alas, Charlie's elephantine ambitions arise from a gnat-sized intellect. His gang is so crooked that none of them can drive straight. They wreck cars, argue with each other, assault fat ladies on the Turin buses and infuriate the Mafia by treading on its turf. Throughout, Charlie's eyes remain at half-mast; his lassitude finally lulls the crooks, the *polizia*—and the audience. Caine and Coward play a splendid game of verbal tennis, but by the final reel the laughs are lost in an anthology of dull and deafening car chases.

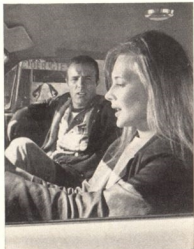
From *Big Deal on Madonna Street* to *How to Steal a Million*, film makers have been trying to perfect the genre known in the trade as "caper comedies," films which center around a master-minded robbery. Like most criminals, however, the creators expend all their energies on the heist and not nearly enough building their characters.

Only Geography

Once upon a time, Hollywood was a town without a country. To portray small-town America, camera crews would generally go no farther than the studio lot, where an idealized Main Street stood gleaming in the California sun. It is much to the credit of Director Francis Ford Coppola that he refused to accept that kind of prefabricated fakery. Bundling a handful of actors and technicians into a fleet of cars, he drove from New York to Colorado, filming a story about a young married woman on the run from responsibility. The result, called *The Rain People*, has such a strong sense of the U.S. as a dramatic character that Coppola's peo-

ple tend to melt into the landscape.

Natalie (Shirley Knight) wakes one morning to a soot-gray New York dawn, turns away from her husband, stares at the ceiling, then makes a quick, silent decision. After a shower and a visit to her parents, she begins her odyssey. Calling her husband from a gas station on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, she announces that she is frightened, confused and pregnant. She loves him but wants time to think. So she drives slowly through a Pennsylvania autumn, picking up a hitchhiker named Kilgannon (James Caan) who turns out to be a retarded college-football player with a plate in his head. He has been promised a job by the father of an old college girl friend, but the girl's family greets him with ridicule. Another job as a handyman on



CAAN & KNIGHT IN "PEOPLE"
Lighter-than-air dramaturgy.

a reptile farm falls through when Kilgannon becomes so frightened of losing Natalie that he starts to let the animals out of their cages. He even interrupts Natalie's assignation with a Nebraska motorcycle cop (Robert Duvall), provoking an improbable denouement that obviously wanted to say something about violence in America but winds up merely as death by cinematic accident.

Coppola's other films (*You're a Big Boy Now*, *Finian's Rainbow*) have been overloaded with a kind of lighter-than-air dramaturgy, and *The Rain People* sadly falls victim to similar sentimental pretensions. The relationship between Natalie and Kilgannon derives from *Of Mice and Men*, and much of the dialogue is sophomoric Salinger, as when Kilgannon explains that "the rain people are people made of rain. When they cry, they disappear altogether because they cry themselves away." Still, the geography is simply splendid. Coppola seems to sense that lying between the Hudson River and the Rockies is the greatest film set in the world. If only he could have used it to better dramatic advantage.

BOOKS

The Caxton Constellation

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE MAN OF LETTERS by John Gross. 322 pages. Macmillan. \$8.95.

"Pigsbrook" was the way Victorian Critic F. J. Furnivall referred to Algernon Charles Swinburne. The poet wrote of Furnivall as "Brothelsdyke." Vituperation, however, has gone out of style in literary controversy, and it is the thesis of British Critic John Gross that this is a pity. If men don't lose their tempers over literature (as once they did over theology), it means that literature doesn't matter much any more.

Gross has had the excellent idea of passing in review a long file of "men of letters" from Francis Jeffrey and Thomas Carlyle to T. S. Eliot and F. R. Leavis who agreed on nothing but shared a belief that their literary squabbles were deadly serious engagements in a battle for the keys to the kingdom of the mind. Scientists, today's high priests, may regard their theories as the most important thing on earth; after all, there is the conquered moon to prove it. But once Carlyle could say, and be believed, that the man of letters is "our most important modern person." Since then, something has happened to reduce the bookman to a mere bookworm. The man of letters, according to Evelyn Waugh, belongs to an extinct species—like maiden aunts.

Literary Thunderheads. For Gross's purposes, "men of letters" are critics and journalists—as distinguished from novelists, poets, playwrights and other creative persons, though countless creators served as men of letters too. His well-read line of English literary men should really be traced back to Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose *Lives of the Poets* began the great industry of literary criticism and gossip. But what began with a bang (Johnson was capable of no lesser noise) is clearly ending in a whisper. Between Johnson and Eliot lay the great age of the literary thunderheads, roughly dated between the end of the Napoleonic Wars and the onset of World War I. Then boomed and flashed the resounding literary quarterlies, the influential journalists, the great prophet-critics like Coleridge, Carlyle, Walter Bagehot and Arnold. Such cloud-capped, towering judges of culture and anarchy have dissolved in today's bland intellectual climate. But in their heyday, English men of letters could claim, in Gross's phrase, to have "written a collective biography of the national mind."

A critic-poet like Arnold could and did speak commandingly of anything and everything from various translations of Homer to Home Rule for Ireland. If he ransacked the past for a phrase like "sweetness and light" (attainable by an elite marked by good will and cultivation), his use of it ensured that it

would pass into the English language—first as a slogan, then as a derisory epithet. Those were the days when the aesthetic theories of literary men like William Morris and John Ruskin could be incorporated in a revolutionary social program. Eliot was perhaps the last figure to achieve the aura of the great man of letters. His quarterly *Criterion*, at any rate, was almost the last literary review (among more than 100 listed by Gross) to establish a coherent critical philosophy. But by the 1930s the *Criterion's* High Church Toryism ran fatally against the tide of history and fashion. Eliot was leading the critical pack when he dressed down Milton in order to dress up Donne. But the serene hierarchical cultural society for which he naturally yearned failed to make it his bow.

Among literary editors, the greatest was the "blatant beast," Frank Harris, amateur pornographer and Shaw biographer. Harris was too cynical to want his *Saturday Review* to create a school of criticism—as the *Criterion* and F. R. Leavis' *Scrutiny* were to do. But his "chorus of insolent reviewers" included almost every great Edwardian writer.

Gross's fascinating, if disorderly, progress is strewn with unsung heroes of letters who stick in the memory. One such was W. E. Henley. Respected in his day as an editor with an ungovernable temper, Henley is now mainly forgotten as the poet with an "unconquerable soul." The haunted poet-critic James Thomson, author of *The City of Dreadful Night*, appears in these pages as a starving journalist subject to suicidal depressions and alcoholism, an outcast man of letters slogging across London to attend George Eliot's funeral only to be confronted by an impenetrable mushroom colony of wet umbrellas. Naturally, G. K. Chesterton turns up as an archetype of the prewar Fleet Street literary man, wittily promoting through the industrial smog a preposterous ideal of Merrie England.

Mafia Cults. Gross, curiously enough, regards Chesterton as a wittier man than Oscar Wilde. Chesterton was also one of the last great journalistic free-lancers. Gross points out that making a steady living solely as a literary critic, for years easy to do in England, has been impossible since World War II. Yet the decline of economic opportunity seems to be a symptom rather than a cause of the decline of the man of letters. As a former English-teaching don at Cambridge, Gross knows and documents the depressing effect on literary delight of modern scholarship in the Mafia cults of the U.S. and the U.K. "Think of the atmosphere of suspicion," he writes, "implied by the habit of fitting out the most trivial quotation with a reference as though it were applying for a job." In England, the teaching of "Eng. lit." is a relatively new thing. (OX-



CARICATURE OF THOMAS CARLYLE

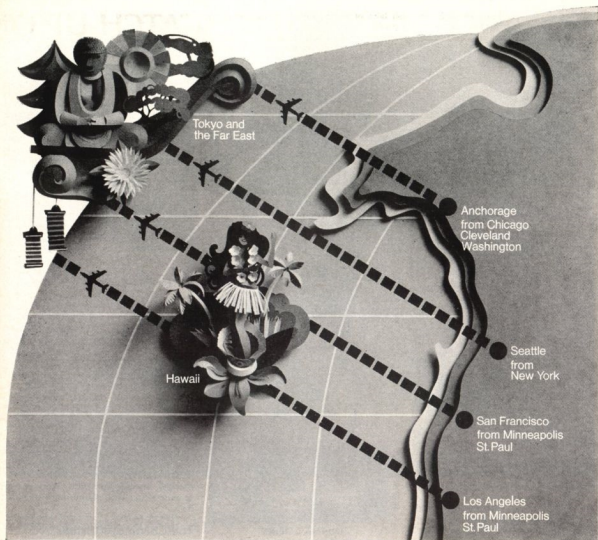
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ford, for instance, did not have an English-literature department until 1885.) Before that, young men, educated in the classics and sciences, were expected to pick up reading in their own tongue as naturally as they learned to order dinner.

"English [studies]," sniffed one history don, "chatter about Shelley." George Saintsbury, who died in 1933, is an early example of the disease of scholarship. "A journalist transformed in middle age into the most venerable of professors," he became for generations of students the "supreme exponent of English lit." He was also the classic exemplar of the winetaster theory of literature. Saintsbury, indeed, wrote with equal learning and authority on poetry and port but, alas, as if they were the same sort of thing. Pundits who teach poetry as a matter of the palate—or of professional gain—naturally detest and fear a creative man of letters like Ezra Pound, to whom poetry was a passion in which the soul was engaged in mortal questions of great consequence. Sir Edmund Gosse, for instance, a pompous Edwardian booktaster of great influence and reputation, once referred to Pound as "that preposterous American filibuster and Provencal charlatan." Gosse's dislikes were cordially returned. The young Evelyn Waugh saw Gosse as an "ill-natured habitué of the great world." "I longed," he added, "for a demented lady's maid to make an end of him."

New Dark Age. Are we (as Marshall McLuhan threatens or promises) on the verge of a nonverbal age, when Samuel Johnson, Coleridge and the rest will be no more intelligible than hippopotamus snorting and snuffling in jungle muck? Are we on the verge of a new Dark Age of universal literacy in which the mind, and the longing for the pleasures of literature, will drown in a plethora of print? Gross quotes the new attitude as described by a Kingsley Amis character: "If there was one thing which Roger never felt like, it was a good read." Have science and the new near disciplines like sociology—not to mention the sheer accumulation of modern knowledge that he cannot hope to assimilate—made the humanist man of letters obsolete, permanently inferior as "the last amateur in a world of professionals"?

Gross raises such questions in a wide-ranging epilogue, answering them all with a graceful, regretful, thoroughly qualified "maybe." He more or less accepts the McLuhanite theory that the art of communication is passing from the straight, hard linear man of the Gutenberg Galaxy into the noisy psychedelic womb of sound, sensation, sniff, touch and hash. But he does not accept it gladly, and the later stars in the Caxton Constellation (an English group in Gutenberg's inky way) do much to disprove his own thesis. Paradoxically, too, so will his book itself, at least temporarily, if it achieves the wide attention it deserves. "Chatter about Shelley" may be contemptible, but Shelley's chat-

ter is often more important than most men's theses. Even lately George Orwell's essays and memoirs have achieved an influence likely to persist beyond 1984. Letters and men of letters are declining, but they are not yet entirely fallen. A shooting star or two may still be seen with the naked eye.

The Softer They Fall

FAT CITY by Leonard Gardner. 183 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.50.

Characters in boxing fiction rarely graduate beyond caricature. The manager is an insensitive swine; for a month's supply of subway tokens he would send a fighter up against a mountain slide. The fighter, swimming up from economic backwaters, is a supreme delirium and an exploited object of surface pity. Then comes the trainer, faithful as a



LEONARD GARDNER
Deprived of all protective shadows.

mutt. Behind them all sits the omnipotent syndicate, whose generals eat pheasant under glass and meticulously avoid the sauce stains.

Such figures, no doubt once true enough, are now quite dated. Today's manager is a beaverfish scuffler who stays in boxing only because it is the life he knows. The fighter often tells the manager what to do. He may still be chased into the ring by the pinch of poverty and some inner reach toward identity, but he usually does not accept pain and futility for long. If he does stay in and doesn't make it, as Leonard Gardner shows in this moving and perceptive first novel, he will find the modern fight scene, though anything but richly dramatic, every bit as cruel and lonely as ever.

Unlike the army of Hemingway romanticists who cultivate fighters to show off their feel for the sport, Gardner has a real understanding of the ring and the nameless people who are scarred by it. With a poetic touch and dry swift phrasing, he has created a re-

markable portrait of a marginal, subterranean world in which two fighters and a manager occupy numbingly neutral corners in the struggle for life.

The place is Stockton, Calif., a city filled with a litter of lost people, most of whom pile on urine-smelling buses each morning and head for the onion, peach or walnut fields for a killing day on skinny wages. Gardner's three characters are grafted to this landscape. An aging (29) lightweight, lush and former local contender, Billy Tully grieves over his split with his wife, who occupies his flophouse dreams and gives him a convenient excuse for not fighting. Then one day, finding himself in a Y.M.C.A. gym, he meets Ernie Munger, an 18-year-old would-be welterweight and sends him to his own long-suffering ex-manager, Ruben Luna. This should be some sort of beginning. But the three are going precisely no place. Tully dries out for one more fight. He wins—but finds his victory meaningless. He wanders the streets realizing that he is a bum. The deprivation of his life is somehow symbolized by the memory of sleeping in a park with other derelicts while city workmen cut down the trees that have provided them with protective shade.

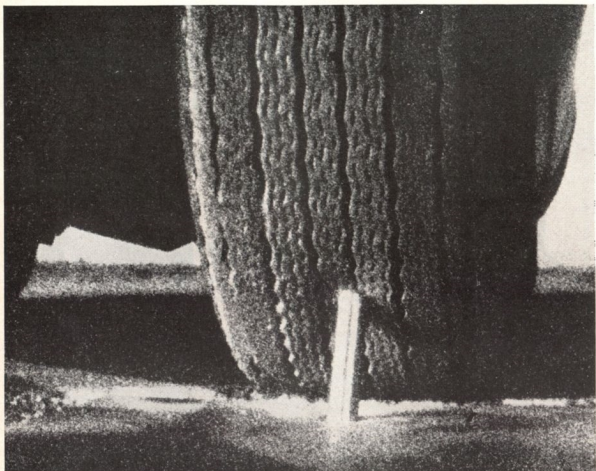
Marks of Hell. Gardner's fight talk is brilliantly accurate. The true pathos of fighting as a subsistence trade, he shows, comes not from scheming and exploitation but from the slow corruption of courage and spirit. "Fat City," as fighters sometimes call success in boxing, is bankrupt. The long sleek cars, the sweet shock of public recognition, the feel of silk on skin is, for most fighters, pure celluloid fantasy. Their daily rounds are marked instead by steady pain and a sameness that is itself the mark of most hells.

The Cardinal's Virtues

RICHELIEU by D. P. O'Connell. 436 pages. World. \$10.

It was the worst of times: the first half of the 17th century. Spain rotted. The German principalities writhed. Sweden, France, Spain and even Switzerland were seething with religious mania. The European peasantry was regularly picked over by tax collectors and aimless bands of soldiers detached from all allegiance. Trade patterns kept collapsing. The gaudy corpse of feudalism weighted the Continent, but there was nothing, apparently, strong enough to winch it out of sight.

Yet such a force was being created, and on the Continent its principal inventor was the despised and sickly rationalist, Cardinal Richelieu. What Richelieu devised at home was the modern European state. France was his working model, and as its most powerful Minister of government, he developed a strong, centralized, departmental administrative system that, to some extent, endures today. Abroad, his military and diplomatic machinations helped ensure the continued existence



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of a weakened, fragmented Europe, soon to be dominated by France. The Cardinal also devised, as Historian O'Connell relates in this clear and remarkably sympathetic study, a code of royal morality to stiffen Louis XIII's spine and soothe his own (in O'Connell's view) active conscience. To protect his subjects, Richelieu lectured Louis, a sovereign must first protect the state. When the state is threatened, the first consideration is not to ensure justice but to remove the threat. Sadly, the headsman could not eliminate the doubts of rivals and traitors; happily, he could turn them into abstractions.

L'Eminence Grise. It is hardly possible to overstate the treacherous confusion that Richelieu's Europe presented to any would-be diplomat. The Thirty Years' War (1618-48) turned much of the Continent into a wasteland. Alliances flickered on and off like fireflies. Richelieu did his work, too, in a time of witch burning and archaism. His very closest adviser and friend, a shrewd Capuchin named Père Joseph (for whose shadowy role the title *Eminence grise* seems to have been invented) was entirely obsessed, for example, with a yearning to renew the crusades against the infidel.

French social order ensured disorder. Soldiering and conspiracy were almost the only trades open to the younger sons of an already partly superfluous nobility, and many of them saw fit to follow both. Friction between Huguenot and Catholic never really ceased. Conspiracies against Louis and Richelieu coagulated regularly around Gaston, Louis' vain and frustrated younger brother, and Marie de Medici, their harridan mother.

Richelieu foiled most of his enemies, including his great rival, the Spanish Minister, Olivares. After Richelieu had outmaneuvered him, Olivares blandly offered his angry king, Philip IV, a choice 17th century sophistry: "God wants us to make peace, for He is depriving us visibly and absolutely of all means of war." The great Cardinal outwitted himself, however, when he subsidized the warmaking of the fanatic Swedish Protestant, Gustavus Adolphus. Richelieu counted on Gustavus to harry the Austrian Hapsburgs, which he did. But the Cardinal was unable to keep Gustavus leashed, and until the Swede's death in 1632 at the battle of Lützen, he was a growing threat to France. The passionate Gustavus, as O'Connell observes, was unable to tell the difference between religion and politics; and the cerebral Richelieu, who was accustomed to making the distinction, failed to understand that trait in Gustavus.

Migraine and Piety. To contemporaries—and to later observers, Richelieu himself was equally hard to comprehend. A crossbreed of the middle-class and the impoverished country gentry, he had social ambitions and possessed extraordinary charm. Yet he was without humor. He could play the guitar. He

kept 14 cats. He suffered the torments of migraine, piles and piety—O'Connell at least grants him piety, though he often has been considered a great hypocrite. He was certainly a ruthless schemer all his life. After receiving a bishopric through family connections, at the age of 21, he used his clerical rank and tiny diocese as a steppingstone to power. He maneuvered for years to become First Minister of France, and in his early days was even party to Marie de Medici in her conspiracies against Louis XIII, who at that time seemed hostile as well as inadequate as a potential ruler of France.

"He fears hell," a fellow cleric once summed up Richelieu, "he loves theology, he does not entirely lack interest

CULVER PICTURES



RICHELIEU & HIS CATS

To stiffen a sovereign's spine.

in the things of God, but in the final analysis his kingdom is of this world." The judgment is thoughtful, and O'Connell, an Australian professor of international law, endorses it. He sees Richelieu as a remarkable pragmatist who "combined in a completely unique fashion an iron resolution and a gift for seeing both sides of a question."

The iron churchman died in 1642, at the age of 57. He reminded Louis XIII, who visited his deathbed, that he was leaving France "in the highest degree of glory and of reputation which it has ever had, and all your enemies beaten and humiliated." Then he asked the King to appoint the Italian papal diplomat Mazarin his successor as First Minister. Louis, O'Connell believes, probably never liked Richelieu. Almost no one did. But the King fed the dying Cardinal two egg yolks with his own hand. A few hours after the Cardinal's death, Louis told Mazarin of his appointment.



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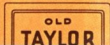
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